

A BRIEF HISTORY
OF BAVARIA

BY
GERTRUDE NORMAN

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MUNICH 1906
HEINRICH JAFFE



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NOTE.

The authoress begs to acknowledge her gratitude and indebtedness for the invaluable help afforded her by the following authors and their works Dr. William Preger, Dr. Winter, the Rev. S. Baring Gould, Mr. Cecil Headlam and Miss Frances Gerard.

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DEDICATED
BY KIND PERMISSION
TO
H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE
OF BAVARIA.

„A humble token of esteem and admiration to
the beautiful, ardent, progressive and artistic

Kingdom of Bavaria

from a sojourner in her midst.“

FOREWORD.

There have been innumerable scholarly and scientific histories written on Bavaria, in German, and several excellent works on various phases of her remarkable history, and of the vivid personalities which so invade her past, in English. The guide books which are to be found in all her more important towns and cities are very adequate, although of necessity much has to be left untold, owing to their size, and concentrated as they chiefly are on the one place in question. For instance Mr. Headlam's "Nuremberg", a truly significant and exquisite little work, and Miss Frances Gerard's "Romance of Ludwig II." (although the latter does contain several interesting details of the unfortunate Monarch's Kingdom, apart from Munich and the curious castles which he built). There are various other works, too, dealing with the stories of Bayreuth, Oberammergau, Munich &c.; but a want has been expressed for a small work which would contain as it were, and concentrate into a small edition, outlines of all these various subjects and places. It is therefore the aim and object of this little volume to give as clearly and concisely as possible the chief

points and periods of interest in the rather complicated history of Bavaria, the salient features most interesting to visitors to her more important cities and towns, dwelling shortly on their churches, museums, galleries, monuments, most notable men, their lives and work, and in fact endeavouring to give some impression of their atmosphere, past and present. A study of her four Kings will of course be given; her gift to the world of many great artists and art works, and her three chief Festival towns, Munich, Bayreuth and Oberammergau. There are innumerable festivals, both religious and otherwise, often in memory of some legend or historical event, in almost all of the smaller towns and mountain or lake villages, and of course being a Roman Catholic country, the holidays everywhere are very frequent. The lives of the upper classes (political, social or military), the customs and existences of the peasants, the absorbing life of the university students, which latter plays such an important part in the education of the youth of Bavaria, and many other interesting subjects and customs must be omitted for lack of space.

Bavaria is indeed pregnant with an all embracing interest; her cities, towns, villages, mountain ranges and peaks so full of the romance of folk-lore, legend and the eternal tragedies of the past. The very atmosphere in which they exist is potent with an aroma of the most fascinating and awesome periods of the world's external and spiritual development. Great tragedies indeed

halo her, as the setting sun haloes the silent peaks, lifting her to heights of infinite grandeur in the annals of the strange and inscrutable ways of Destiny.

Her country is so varied in its many sided beauties, her influence, artistically, theologically, musically and literary so wide spread and progressive, that one cannot hope to give but the barest outline of her infinite storehouse of treasures.

One of her most significant and noble of spirits, Professor von Döllinger, said of Germany (and the saying is especially and curiously applicable to that part of the Empire wherein he was born, lived and worked), "Germany is the centre from which proceed the great ideas which sway the world. She attracts all thought within her scope, shapes it and sends it forth into the Universe clothed with a power which is her own. Her's is the battlefield upon which all the great intellectual contests have been fought."

Let us consider for a moment in our heart's most serious and unprejudiced crypt, what we do indeed owe to her, this little Kingdom of Bavaria.

She is the welcome home and haven of the student, a place of comprehension and aspiration to the artist, a well of eternal knowledge to the most erudite scholar, a Mecca and place of glory to the musician. All coming here find the completest satisfaction, whether the following of history be the goal, literature, painting, sculpture or music, or merely sought as a retreat from the

too strenuous life of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, to a life where one can economically find and enjoy all the stored up riches, from the arts and sciences of all the ages, and meditatively cultivate one's desire for a better and higher knowledge.

It would take volumes to interpret rightly, fully and justly the glories of Bavaria, the heritage of her past, and the manifold attractions of her magnetic centre, Munich, so advanced with modern improvements, so fraught with mediaeval charm.

One's praise must ever seem insufficient, and one's gratitude poor to the bounteous arms held out to us by a new country. There is as intense an element of mystery about it as great as the most mysterious event of one's life; before it one must bow.

If this little work can be an incentive to dwell in Bavaria for a while, and an encouragement to study, from more profound sources, her beautiful and in-dwelling spirit, thus trending to a fuller, deeper, and wider comprehension of her place in the foremost ranks of the nations, we shall be more than repaid.

G. N.

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I.

"What is History, but a Fable agreed on."

Napoleon.

“DEALING WITH PREHISTORIC BAVARIA, THE DAYS OF CELTS AND ROMANS, AND IT’S DEVELOPEMENT UNDER AGILOSINGER, CAROLINGIAN, SAXON, SALIERN AND WELF RULE.”

“The curtains of yesterday drop down; the curtains of tomorrow roll up; but yesterday and tomorrow both are; pierce into the Time-Element; glance into the Eternal.”
Carlyle.

Mystery enshrouds the beginnings of all European countries!

But in the Southern Germanic lands perhaps, the silence is the most profound. For “there is no beginning in our memory of the Celtic race”. One’s imagination must make a vast sweep to go back over the peaks of time, one thousand four hundred years before Christ, and even farther still, to the prehistoric period of Bavaria. But we must attempt this momentary vision, for it is only thus that we can trace her upward fluctuations and developement through the long centuries.

Slowly, slowly . . . , the great veil lifts. Painfully, as if with reluctance. And through the enormous thick weaving mists, so long impenetrable, vast primeval shapes evolve, take indistinct form, draw

silently near. Forbidding, ominous, as though full of a terrible wrath at being awakened from so long a sleep. The sleep of aeons!

We peer through the well nigh inscrutable fogs of antiquity, expecting, yet fearing to hear some sound. But the vast shadows move in slow silence.

Tradition will not speak behind that veil of illimitable age. The merest glimpse is vouchsafed of mighty prehistoric forms, creeping towards crepuscular caves. Gigantic antediluvian creatures, silent witnesses to the still greater Power, indomitably onward moving, which controlled them. A horror enwraps us, such as that which suddenly grips the soul when looking, on some deep isolated night, filled with a vague comprehension of cosmic space, into the dark infinities of the heavens.

The great curtains descend! Leaving us impregnated with awe, mystery, wonder, and with also a key perhaps to certain depths of vision, primeval sensations, primitive energies, resistless powers, latent in the consciousness and which in these days, through the purification of ages, evolve themselves through thought, into accomplishments of art, literature, carvings in stone, or the guiding forces of empires and democracies. Again a long silence.

The ages move sombrely by; like distant, dark and dominating clouds. Another curtain, more ephemeral, almost invisible, rises; revealing a less dense mist, a clearer horizon . . . through it we

see more movement, as of a vast mass of beings beginning to bestir themselves, and "carrying with them presentiments of uncreated forms". Above on granite peaks the symbolic Norns are tossing more swiftly the threads of Human Destiny. The air vibrates with the germinating of huge forces in motion. A subdued, but tremendous hum penetrates over the distances.

Dull impotency, mere brute force, life without any looking upward, begins to vanish. Brows heighten with a lightening comprehension, and the stirrings of new and strange desires. Clearer visions, vague, intangible, but luminous, stretch out towards the future. Crude ideas are expressed in pathetic roughness. But the steps of beauty on which we tread are in the first throes of formation. These beings stop in their turmoil to look at one another. Their eyes see deeper, differently, than those of their ancestors, the great cave men, who killed and fought for the primeval woman.

Only a throbbing tortuous music, haloed by spiritual comprehension, could convey this dream of the awakening and gradual progression of our prehistoric ancestors, which began so miraculously, slowly, but indefatigably to animate the human species, towards evolution, light, love and unity.

* * *

We must now draw in our vision and concentrate it on a small spot of plains, forests, mountains and lakes now called the kingdom of Ba-

varia. Occasionally our glance must expand, for all nations, like individuals, are indissolubly joined in their destinies and evolutions, no matter how they may externally separate. And this small country is inextricably woven, both in its past and present with the epic history of Germany.

* * *

The curtain rises definitely on the dispersing mists of the South about the year one hundred and thirteen B. C. It is curious to note how much sooner all exotic and far southern races emerge, both by progression in the arts, cultures and war into the light of history. It influences one to believe Schopenhauer's theory that the white races are merely a deviation from the original type, and that all people were at one time of dark skin, hair and eyes and that fair skin, blue eyes and blond hair are climatically bleached, and in fact an abnormality. Nevertheless it is from the olive hued races that all our ancient knowledge comes. In all things are they the oldest. Our religion, no matter what it is, comes from some dark skinned tribe, either Jew, Mahomedan or Buddhist!

It is from the Romans that we first hear, in the above mentioned year, of a barbaric, ruddy and enormous race of men, clothed in the skins of wild animals, suddenly descending from the plains and hills, north of Italy, and terribly invading their camps.

These strange warriors called themselves the

Cimbri and the Teutons, both being branches of the many tentacled Celtic family. (The former eventually descended into the French, Irish, Welsh and Scotch, the latter into the Anglo-Saxon and Germanic races.) This influx from the North not only revealed new worlds to the conquering Romans, but must have sprung from the soil of Bavaria (the Celts below the Rhine), as well as from the Swiss mountains and more Northern parts.

So it is we learn that before the Roman invasions Bavaria was inhabited by certain Celtic tribes, who built up small settlements, and were ruled by chieftains of their own. Ratisbona, for instance, was the Celtic name for Regensburg.

There are traces too in Bavaria of yet another race, other than the Celts, who must have wandered here and settled, and who left their stamp in such names as Regnitz (the river on which Nuremberg stands), Karwendel, a mountain in the Bavarian highlands, and the Scharnitz Pass, pointing to a Bohemian, Moravian, or Slavonic element. These various origins give one the key to the many varying types which one finds all through Bavaria. For the fair skin, hair and blue eyes so typical of the pure German, are not so prevalent here. Instead, high cheek-bones, dark skin and hair, hazel and brown eyes, are more often to be met with and cannot all be due to Italian influences, but stretch back probably to that solitary, brooding and tragic race, the Slavs.

In all Bavarian history one notices a very marked and potent difference between them and their far earlier civilized southern neighbours. Namely, a searching for the inner meaning, a stern discipline of the senses, and curiously high sense of morality (for those barbaric days), stamped them, even then; their ancient laws and customs denoting a high standard of principles and faith. This strikes one all the more deeply as at that time the unbridled licentiousness, vice, luxury, degeneracy, and complete laxity of all morals, found its most dominant expression amongst the Romans. Three hundred years before the Migrations, Tacitus wrote of the "lofty heroic ideals, and pure traditions" which he found among the Germans. Apart from being a warrior-like race, these Celts were tillers of the soil, living in rude huts on their farms, or in the deep woods as hunters, full of a wild elemental picturesqueness and epic poetic worth. Their warrior-like course they were driven to inevitably, in that the lands they knew of, were unable any longer to support their swiftly growing races, and they were forced to descend over the peaks and snows to find new lands to colonize. It was the Celts who opened up the salt and copper mines, now one of Bavaria's most lucrative sources of revenue. In these mountain excavations, centuries after, when new passages, long sealed up, were reopened, were found many buried relics of one of the worlds most ancient tribes. Spear heads, curious spiked balls, necklaces, bracelets, rings (in gold, silver and

iron), utensils, goblets, ornaments of every sort, and weapons of the crudest forms. High on the mountains were discovered their burial grounds. (And do we not in this find a mighty, beautiful and fearless symbol, shedding rays and premonitions of splendid poetic feeling? For these rough pagans, worshippers of Wotan, Donar, Hertha, Nothburga and Freia, symbols all of the wild, primeval elements of earth, even if they saw not that it was perhaps a mightier, more solitary and unearthly Force which guided them and the elements they adored, at least desired at the end, to be as near the "peaks, stars, and great silence" as possible. An ideal that mundane modern Europe might with beauty emulate). In these solitary mountain graveyards were also found the skeletons, lying side by side, of Celtic warriors and their wives, their spears and shields in hand. All of the men were well over seven feet tall. Both women and men decorated with rings and ornaments.

And so the stone age, the two bronze periods, the so-called Hallstatt age, concluding with the La Tène age, move by and past us, and we come to the obsessive period of the Roman invasions. In those days Bavaria formed a part of Noricum, Raetia and Vindelicia, so perhaps it will not be purposeless here, nor a too great scattering of impressions, if we go into the Roman power in the Germanic lands a little more universally than its more immediate effect upon Bavaria. The first ideal of a united German Empire was held by one Hermann (Arminius) who for so long had been

a hostage in the Roman camps. He had absorbed their tactics in war, modes of government and civilization, and returned to his own people aflame, not only with the dream of imparting his knowledge to them, but of freeing them from the foreign yoke. Since the Romans first defeated the Celts (or Teutons and Cimbri) in 113. B. C. their power in the Germanic lands had steadily increased. Caesar, Augustus, Drusus, Tiberius, Aurelius, all had encroached more and more into and over their borders. In 102. B. C. the Romans ultimately conquered the Germans, and just about 1,100 years later the Germans gathered in their forces under the inspiring leadership of Hermann and defeated the Romans in turn. This herculean task was accomplished in the year 9. A. D. But what takes only a few words to write, took years of labour, fighting, failure, harsh endeavor, infinite endurance, deep optimism, and manifold crimes to establish. After this epoch-making event, the Romans began to retreat farther southward, keeping possession only of a certain portion of land between the Rhine, Danube and Main, which is that very portion of the Empire of which we are now writing. This was protected by the famous Devil's Wall, first constructed by the Emperor Probus, as a protection against the much to be feared, warlike Germans. Traces of this wall can still be seen. It followed a long and devious course of 200 miles, over morasses, hills, rivers and valleys, from Heilheim till it reached the Danube. It was strengthened at regular inter-

vals by fortified towers. The Romans established all over Noricum and Raetia, forts, military stations, towers, bridges, and camps; cut roads and dug out quarries. These roads branching in every advantageous direction.

Those cut by Augustus Vindelicia can still be followed through Kempten, Partenkirchen, Rosenheim &c. It is in this part of the country that the most valuable Roman treasures (houses, excavated roads, and various buildings) were discovered. They also opened up the gold and silver mines. Celeusum (Keilheim), Guntia (Gunzburg), Augusta Vindelicorum (Augsburg), Cambodunum (Kempten), Castra Regina (Regensburg), Castra Batava (Passau), Juvavum (Salzburg) &c. all are built on Roman foundation as it were, and their names evolved from Roman names. About the middle of the third century, the Germanic tribes entered into a sort of great Confederacy. The most important of these being the Allemanni, Saxons, Franks and Goths.

And now we come upon those vast upheavals, as gigantic in their effect upon Europe as were the colossal volcanic eruptions of rock and mountain upon the face of nature; that elemental, awesome commotion and tumult caused by the sudden appearance of those Calmuc shepherds from the northern plains of Asia, the Huns! That hideous, short, square, filthy, terror-breeding race of eternal wanderers and avaricious fighters. Indifferent alike to cold, hunger and danger, feeding worse than the animals, and sleeping as

they wandered, on their ponies. They swarmed over Europe like the dark, portentous shapes of some fantastic nightmare, driving by their force, and scattering by their brutality and repulsiveness, the various communities and comparatively settled confederacies of the German tribes. The Roman forces were attacked again and again by the desperate Celts in the south, who themselves were forced to move by the fierce and resistless Huns until their power was completely broken and they had to retreat into their own dominions. By their swift strokes, these shepherds altered the entire face of Germanic Europe, and set in motion the long centuries of the Migrations. The prosperity which the Romans had initiated into lower Germany by their advanced civilization, was for the time being completely swept away. The towns and villages through which the marauders, and desperate, unsettled tribes passed, were ransacked, devastated and deserted for more than a century. The power of the Roman foe was dispelled, but a period of the wildest degeneracy and lawlessness held sway, possessing both men and women. It was a time of violent reaction, of pillage, carnage, endless wanderings and complete divisions and disunions. Nevertheless, out of this period of decadence, light eventually emerged, and reason swung back the violent pendulum to its normal beat. The Migrations took place from the 5th; to the 9th; centuries and whole books could be filled devoted entirely to that extraordinary time, upon whose foundations we rest, and whose vast

gestures carved out the future for the sleeping generations to follow. "Out of such travail are great epics born", and from them sprang the seeds of the greatest of the legends and epic sagas of Germany.

It was long before the scattered multitudes were able to gather themselves together again and assume any definite shape or form, but the salient events eventually manifested themselves. The gradual adoption of Christianity, the destruction of the Roman Empire, the sucking in of the much feared Huns, the beginning of the Crusades, and the evolving from out the almost inextricable and tangled web of the many contending forces, the individuality of Bavaria. But emerge she did, stencil clear, from the interwoven movements of Vandals, Heruli, Huns, Goths, Burgundians, Thuringians, Franks, Allemanni, Saxons, Moravians and Bohemians. It was the Goths, Bohemians, Moravians and Marcomanni (or March-men) from the country now inhabited by the Saxons, who chiefly settled in her torn up province. And last, but probably the most important of all results of the Migrations, were the first dominant strokes of that which we call "modern literature".

And now our little kingdom begins to assume a boundary line and to take upon herself an individual title. The word "Bavaria", like the Latin Boiaria derives its origin from the Bohemian, Celtic and Moravian people by whom the land was inhabited. The original word was Bojuvarii, meaning, the inhabitants of the lands of

Baja; which in all probability came directly from the Bohemian source, "Bojerheims" — "Boheim" — or "Böhmen".

At the beginning of the 6th century, the Duke of Bojuvarii founded the district which was named after him, and thus it gradually evolved into Bavaria, or rather "Bayern". (It is about 500 B. C. that we first hear of the name Bavaria.) The little district had many forces to contend with and only succeeded for a time in holding its own, and electing independently its rulers; these latter were chosen from the family of Agilosinger, which sprang from the stem of the Agilolfs. They governed as follows.

GARIBALD I. 569—599.

The powerful Frankish Kings were the most dangerous enemies to the independence of Bavaria, and Garibald, wishing to strengthen his position and to be in closer connection with the enemies of the Franks (the Longobardians), married his daughter, Theodolinde, to their King, Autharis.

THASSILO I. (No date is given, but in this reign [probably about 613] St. Gallen came from Ireland and founded the monastery named after him and shortly after, Magnus came also from Ireland and introduced Christianity into Kempten and Füssen).

GARIBALD II. (About the beginning of the 7th century.)

THEODO I. (d. 717.) In this reign trouble began to brew in the Agilosinger House. In 702

Theodo had divided the larger portion of his Duchies between his three sons, Theodobald, Theodobert, and Grimoald. After the death of Duke Theodo and two of his sons, Grimoald, the third brother (who had ruled in Freising) desired to prevent the son of his dead brother Theodobert, from reigning. This son Hugibert, went for help to the Frankish vice-regent Karl Martell. Through this alliance he defeated Grimoald, who thereby lost his possessions. Hugibert became Duke, but the short independence of Bavaria was already a thing of the past!

HUGIBERT I. 725—737. (Theodobert's son.)

ODILO I. 737—748. (Hugibert's son.)

THASSILO III. 758—788 and to 814. (Son-in-law to the Longobardian King, Desiderius. Before his death the Bavarian Duchies were captured by the great Charlemagne, and came under the rule of the Carolingian dynast.)

Although all the former Dukes were Bavarian, after the reign of Garibald I. Bavaria had come so completely under the power of the Frankish kings that all their Dukes were elected by them. In all, ten Agilosingers ruled in Bavaria in succession.

Duke Thassilo III., who was married to the daughter of Desiderius the Lombard king, had long and rebelliously refused to acknowledge the authority of Charlemagne as Emperor, and had stirred up the Avars in Hungary to invade him, even before his powerful and arresting figure had leaped into the front ranks of historical masters

and heroes. Before his era Germany had been nothing but a mass of petty disunited states, but after his accession, although each was independently ruled, he was acknowledged Emperor of the various kingdoms, duchies and counties. As Charlemagne's sceptre radiated over Bavaria (through the medium of two dukes, Gerold and Adulf) and he held his Imperial Diet at Ratisbon, and later was even more definitely connected by his son Ludwig the Pious' marriage to Jutta, a daughter of one of the earliest Welfs (who were later to rule in Bavaria) it will hardly be a digression to touch on his personality and reign. From the standpoint of a monarch he was a great and incomparable hero, appearing as a miracle at the end of his epoch, and towering aloft in majesty today, peak-high, above the mass of mediocrity, drones, and evil doers, who besmirch almost every page of history, appearing, with other mighty heroic forms, to lighten our back-ward glancing vision. He was the necessary outcome of his time, and yet like all such, ages in advance of that time. "A man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great phenomena. When Nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it. Follow the great man, and you shall see what the world had at heart in these ages."

With his broad, independent, free-thinking mind, Charlemagne takes his place among Germany's greatest pioneers. Not so much with the war-lords, as with the influences of culture, poetry, and the advancers by finer methods. With

names such as St. Benedictine, Luther, Melancthon, Dürer, Hans Sachs, Lessing, Goethe &c.; bearing near kinship to those minds to whom Germany owes her clear-cut thoroughness, deep mentality, broad progression, unique position in philosophy and socialism, and her great artistic glories. He not only spread the Christian religion, but encouraged the renewing of classical literature and the preservation of the German poets. He sent to Italy for architects, builders, musicians and singers, and made a collection of all the German poems and folk songs he could find, but these were all unfortunately, nay, disastrously burned by his prejudiced son, Ludwig the Pious, who looked upon all pagan art expressions as dangerous and heathenish. Nevertheless, their virile memory remained imbedded in the hearts of many, and after years of hoarding and repetition, found again outward and tangible expression in the later epics. "The world is indeed the representation of the sensibility and the thought of a few superior men, who have made it what it is, and in the course of time, broadened and adorned it. In the future they will still further amplify and enrich it, and the world as it today appears, is a magnificent gift from the few to the many; from the free to the slaves; from those who think and feel to those who must work."

Again in Charlemagne sprang to life the luminous dream of Hermanns' of an unified nation. A welding together of all the territories under his sceptre. It had slumbered restlessly, lifting now

and again a troubled glance in the people. But all great movements need the incentive of a solitary individual. The masses follow.

The electing and crowning of Charlemagne as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire as well as of Germany, set in train centuries of disasters. From this dangerous and unthinking deed sprang the long and fatal schism in both church and nation. The Pope was both temporal and spiritual ruler of the Roman Empire, but it was not considered fit that he should have to attend to external duties, so Charlemagne was chosen to wield that power in his stead. After this, Charlemagne raised the Archbishops and Bishops to the ranks of secular princes, giving them dominions over which they could rule like sovereigns, hoping by this he would encourage them to help him in his constant fights with the innumerable petty princes and ambitious dukes, keep the unity of the country, and raise the spiritual and moral standard. But their riches and power soon turned the heads of these ecclesiastical dignitaries and they started to impose laws, levy taxes, raise armies, exert power over life and death, keeping curates to attend to their forgotten duties. They soon became the greatest, most baneful and vicious power in the land. Their only claim to a religious title was that they wore the insignia of spiritual princes, but in reality they were secular, clad in armour, and mail, at home in the fight and on horseback, the sword in one hand and the shepherds crook in the other, (an ironi-

cal touch), and crowns on their heads, encircling a mitre. They lived in sumptuous, royal state, playing on the peoples prejudices and love of display, and thrilling their sensuous imaginations. This position they held until the power of the Empire built up by Charlemagne began to disintegrate and diminish and the long troubles with Rome commenced, in which they always took the latter part. When Archbishops, Bishops, Princes, Dukes and Margraves had so much power and independence, and were ruled by egotistical ambitions and not love of universal progression, how could a country hope to have any peace. By this error Charlemagne temporarily fractured his highest ambition. But his was the spring which re-started the onward flowing, though often dammed up, stream, which eventuated into the flower of German Unity. His also was the ardent spirit which lifted out of ignominy, the culture of the next 800 years. His Empire crumbled away, but he left behind that most certain of all things, a lofty ideal and a star-clear example.

Although Germany was called an Empire after the Treaty of Vedrun in 814 (made in consequence of the continuous fights between the grandsons of Charlemagne and their father, one of whom after his death governed Bavaria) and was still ruled by an Emperor, the disintegration was so great, that the title was little more than a necessary form applied to a figure-head. The Emperor was still considered head of the state, but all the

members moved independently. The successors of Charlemagne who ruled in Bavaria, bore the titles of Lord of the Marches or Margraves, but in the year 920, the ruling Margrave was raised to the rank of Duke, which continued the title of his successors for more than 700 years. In his war against Thassilo, Charlemagne had begun the Canal which was to connect the Main and the Danube, but the work was never completed, until Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, took it in hand and had the canal finished. (1825—1848.)

And now we come to the first root of the famous family of Wittelsbach. After Charlemagne's death, the German Emperors who possessed and ruled Bavaria were as follows.

LUDWIG THE PIOUS. 814—817 and 840.

LUDWIG THE GERMAN. 843—876.

Then his three sons in succession.

KARLMANN. 876—880.

LUDWIG, THE EAST FRANKEN. 880—882.

KARL THE FAT. 882—887.

ARNULF. 887—889. (Nephew of Ludwig the German.)

LUDWIG THE CHILD. 900—911.

It is during these last pages of the dynasty of the great Charlemagne that the Wittelsbachs spring into prominence, although under another name. Arnulf, king of Germany and a grandson of Charlemagne's, raised the soldierly and brave Count of Scheyern, ancestor of the Wittelsbachers, to the rank of Margrave of the Ostmark in Bavaria. After Arnulf's death, this Count Luitpold

of Scheyern was appointed one of the guardians of the youthful little king, Ludwig the Child, and also commander in chief of the Bavarian army. (900.) Bavaria was at this time over-run by the barbaric Hungarians, having been besieged by them continuously from time to time. They were a constant source of menace and danger. Luitpold succeeded in driving them back for a time, and erected at the point where the rivers Lech and Inn meet, a fortress called Ennsburg. The whole country was in a dissatisfied and turbulent state. The crown in the incapable hands of a small child.

The Hungarians again gathered in their forces and broke once more into Bavaria causing terrible devastations; ruining and demolishing monasteries, fortresses, villages and towns. Thousands of her people were killed, also many of her Archbishops and counts, among them being the famous Count of Scheyern (in 907). After his death there was little relying for Bavaria on the Empire, so she elected Arnulf, a son of Luitpold, who ruled comparatively as an independent sovereign, from 907 to 937, first under Conrad (Emperor of Germany after the death of Ludwig the Child) and then under Henry the Fowler of Saxony. The Bavarians had desired that Henry should be king, and did what they could to further his conquests. Arnulf divided among his vassals the lands devastated by the Hungarians, thus greatly strengthening his position. Under the incentive of Henry of Saxony, he persuaded the Bavarians to sur-

round their towns by walls, and built many fortresses and castles. The people began more and more to prosper under his wise and beneficent rule and to be more firmly protected against the constant attacks of the barbarians. He fought and defeated the Hungarians in 909 and again, in conjunction with the Swabians, gained a great victory over them at Ötting on the Inn (913) later helping Henry defeat the Bohemians.

When Otto I. became Emperor, Arnulf was his Marshall. After his death his son Ebberhard reigned, but only for a year, as he angered the king by his too great desire for power and independence. Otto wished to gather his possessions into a more concrete form, and rule them from a central government, so he took the dukedom from Ebberhard and gave it to his uncle Bertold who ruled for him from 938—947. Before this Bertold had been count of Kärnten. The family of Scheyern or Luitpolding, was now a great and recognized power in the Empire and the better to bind himself to them and to prove their importance, Otto married his brother, Henry of Saxony, to Judith, a daughter of Arnulf. Like his brother before him, Bertold strongly opposed the Hungarians. He gained several victories over them, the most famous being on the Welf Heath near Traunfluss in 944. Bertold left one son Henry or Hezilo, but as he was too young to inherit his father's position, Otto I. gave the duchies to his brother Henry I., who immediately set in also to vanquish the obstreperous

Hungarians. During the reign of Henry the Fowler they had been so severely checked that for a time they were kept at bay, but under Duke Henry, they again swarmed into Bavaria surrounding the famous old town of Augsburg. But Bishop Ulrich had persuaded his citizens to rebuild their fallen walls, and after a severe battle the Hungarians were defeated and their king killed. The Augsburg weavers earned themselves a lasting fame for bravery in this battle. After this the Hungarians were completely driven out of Germany, eventually becoming Christianized and in the year 1000 were ruled by Stephen the Saint, who had married Gisela, called the Pious, the sister of the Bavarian Duke (grand-daughter of Judith of Scheyern and daughter of Henry the Wrangler).

The official dukes in Bavaria under the Saxon kings were.

HENRY I. (Brother of Otto the Great and husband of Judith of Scheyern.)

HENRY II. (His son.)

OTTO OF SCHWABEN. (Son of Ludolf.)

HENRY III. or Hezilo. (Son of Bertold of Scheyern.)

HENRY IV. (Later Emperor of Germany as Henry II.)

HENRY V. (Brother-in-law of King Henry II. of Luxemburg.)

Bertold's son, Henry III. (or Hezilo) ruled for two years only, as Henry the Wrangler came back to rule again. He died in 989. When

Otto I. ruled in Bavaria, Hezilo was given Kärnten as a duchy.

Bavaria was now one of the most influential, powerful and mighty states of the Empire. After the death of Hezilo, or literally for a hundred years from 948—1070 (up to the dynasty of the Welfs), the so-named official dukes were either the sons, brothers or nearest relations of the Emperors. After the Welf ascendancy the Luitpoldingers or Scheyerns lived as counts on their property near Pfaffenhofen, famous as soldiers and of great influence in the empire. In 1113 at the beginning of the crusades, they gave their castle to the Benedictines, and built themselves a new one which they named Wittelsbach. From then on they were no longer known as the Counts of Scheyern but as the Counts of Wittelsbach. Their new castle was near Aichach. After the fall of the House of Saxony the next ruling House of Bavaria was that of Saliern.

Of course during all the above there were skirmishes, fights, disagreements and innumerable changes in the Bavarian duchies, but they were more petty than otherwise and so not necessary to annotate outside of a detailed and lengthy work on the subject.

The Salierns ruled as follows.

HENRY V. 1027—1042. (King of Germany as Henry III.)

HENRY VII. of Luxemburg. 1042—1047.

CONRAD VON ZUTPHEN. 1049—1053.

HENRY VIII. (Emperor of Germany as Henry IV.)

WITTELSBACHS.

Margrave, Luitpold of Schejern d. 907.

a) Duke Arnulf I. 907—937.

b) Duke Count Pala. Judith m. Arnulf II. Henry of Saxony Duke of Bavaria. 937—938.

Bertold Otto Eckehard Otto C. P. in Bavaria 1120.

m. Kunigunde of Luxemburg Hungary.

8. Duke Otto I. 1180—1183. Count Palatinate Otto.

9. Duke Ludwig. 1183—1231. Count Pal. Otto d. 1208.

10. Duke Otto the Illustrious II. 1231—1253. m. Agnes of the Palatinate. C. P. Henry the Long m. Agnes Hohenstaufen of the Palatinate. Hohenstaufen.

11. Duke Ludwig the Severe. 1253—1294 m. Maria of Brabant b) Melchthildis d. Rudolf of Habsburg. Henry XIII. 1253—1290. Founder of the Ducal Line of Lower Bavaria which became extinct in 1340.

12. Duke Rudolf. 1294—1317. Ancestor of Count Palat. Line of the Wittelsbach's. This Line became extinct in 1777.

13. King Ludwig the Bavarian

1. Welf I. Duke of Bavaria, 1070—1101, m. Ethelina, d. of the Bavarian Duke Otto of Nordheim.

2. Duke Welf II. 3. Duke Henry IX. the Black m. Wulfhilda d. of Duke Magnus. 1120—1126.

4. Duke Henry X., 1126—1139, the Proud. m. Gertrude d. of King Lothars.

7. Duke Henry XII. the Lion m. Mathilda of England. 1156—1180. r. 1152—1190. C. P. of Löwenberg. Sister of Richard Löwenberg. 1190—1197, m. Constantia of Sicily.

3. Henry, Fred. 4. Philip of Sicily. 1190—1208. Agnes m. Henry I. the Tall.

Frederick II. 1215—1250. m. Beatrice of Castille. m. Otto IV. Ferdinand III. Alfons.

William. Otto the Child (Braunschweig). Henry II. Count P. d. 1214.

6. Conrad IV. 1250—1254. m. Elizabeth m. to 6. Conrad IV. Henry d. 1242. Enzoio d. 1272. Manfred d. 1266. Conradin d. 1268. Constantia m. to Peter III. of Aragon.

* Between 4. and 5. the Babenbergers ruled in Bavaria. — (Leopold, Margrave of Austria m. Agnes, widow of the Duke of Swabia.)

5. Leopold, Duke in Bavaria. 1141—1156. m. Gertrude, Duchess widow of Henry the Proud. 1143 d. histerian.) Leopold, Duke of Austria.

WELFS.

Count Frederick of Buren d. 1054.

Fred. of Buren and Hohenstaufen. Duke of Swabia from 1079 m. Agnes d. of Henry IV.

Judith m. Frederick of Schwaben. 1138—1152.

2. Frederick Barba-Conrad Frederick C. P. of the Rhine.

Agnes m. Henry I. the Tall.

Beatrice m. Otto the Illustrious of Bavaria.

Henry II. Count P. d. 1214.

Manfred d. 1266.

Constantia m. to Peter III. of Aragon.

Leopold, Duke of Austria.

STAUFENS.

From Dr. Winters "HISTORY OF THE FATHERLAND".

OTTO VON NORDHEIM. 1061—1070. (His daughter married the Duke of Bavaria who was afterwards Welf I.)

About 919—936 an independent, distinctively German kingdom was founded, and she separated herself entirely from France. An intense national movement manifested itself, and seemed to animate all the various states and duchies. Imperial dignity was revived under Otto the Great and Henry II. This renewed national life bore a very marked ecclesiastical stamp, especially in Celtic Bavaria, and her monasteries and bishoprics were the chief seats of learning and culture. Once more she stepped forward and asserted an hereditary right and the famous line of Welf came into prominence as her chosen ruling Dukes. The Welfs were a very ancient family of South German counts, possessing one of the oldest of pedigrees, dating back in an unbroken line to Count Welf of Swabia in Bavaria, the father of Jutta, wife of Louis the Pious. During the 110 years that they ruled in Bavaria, they proved themselves a vivid and potent line, full of independence, daring and ambition. But they were brought to the dust by the faithlessness of one of their own, as was the race of Charlemagne.

The Houses of Welf, Wittelsbach and Hohenstaufen, are so intertwined, that we will not here attempt to unravel them, but will insert a genealogical table which will show the connection of the three branches.

The Welfs who successively ruled in Bavaria, were as follows.

WELF I. 1070—1077, and again from 1097 to 1101.

(In 1075 he fought for King Henry IV. against the Saxons. In 1076 he had a disagreement with him and lost the Duchies. In 1078—86 he fought two battles, one at Melrichstadt, one at Pleichfeld, and in 1097 was reconciled with the Emperor and regained his duchies. In 1011 he went on a Crusade to Jerusalem, where he died.)

WELF II. 1101—1120. (In this reign, Otto of Wittelsbach was Count of the Palatinate.)

HENRY IX. The Black 1120—1126. (Married to the daughter of the King of Saxony.)

HENRY THE PROUD. 1126—1138. (In 1127 married to King Lothar of Saxony's daughter, Gertrud. Thus were Saxony and Bavaria joined.)

LEOPOLD OF BABENBERG. 1138—1141. (The duchies were taken after several disagreements with the Emperor, from Henry the Proud. Saxony being given to Albrecht of Baren, and Bavaria to the Austrian Margrave, Leopold V. of Babenberg.)

In the wars with Conrad, both Henry the Proud, and Duke Leopold died, and so in 1142 Henry the Lion received Saxony, and Bavaria went to the younger brother of Leopold of Babenberg, Henry Jasomirgott, who immediately married Henry the Lion's mother, the widowed Duchess Gertrud.

Then came the impressive Hohenstaufen dynasty, one of the most notable in all German history.

The emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, who wished to pacify the powerful and useful Welfs, returned the Duchies to their house, and Henry the Lion became the reigning Duke. But Henry's folly and faithlessness swamped again the destinies of his House, for he repaid Barbarossa with such an act of treachery at Chievanna (he had been sent for as one of the principal vassals to accompany Frederick on his war against Italy), overweening ambition so over-stepping its mark, that the Duchies, on Fredericks return, were taken from him and he was put under the ban of the Empire.

Henry the Lion married Mathilda of England, and treated her with his customary unfaithfulness, but when he went on his long pilgrimage of confession, to seek absolution from Pope Gregory, that terrible journey over mountains, snow and ice, she and one faithful knight accompanied him.

Henry had also, during his time of power, stirred up much strife and revolt in Germany, in conjunction with his uncle Welf VI. But when the latter fell into numerous difficulties, Henry refused to come to his aid, so that when he died after a very extravagant and unruly life, he left all his property to Frederick Barbarossa. This was one of the innumerable causes which raised Henry's wrath and jealousy against Frederick.

There was a long feud stretching over 100 years between the Welfs and the Staufens. Henry the Proud refused to acknowledge Konrad of Hohenstaufen as Emperor of Germany, or to give up

Saxony, in which he was abetted by Lothar. This of course led to war. In the north the Welfs kept the upper hand, in the south the Staufens. The legend called "Weibtreue" which took place at Weinsberg, occurred at this time. Welf VI. with his wife and followers were besieged by Conrad the Hohenstaufen in the above named little town. They had long and gallantly held out against the enemy, but when at last they signalled to yield, Conrad was so enraged at their stubborn resistance that he ordered every man in the town to be killed, allowing first of all the women to go free, each carrying with her, her most precious possession. When the gates of the town were opened a curious procession emerged before Conrad and his soldiers. It was headed by the Countess Ida, Welf VI.'s wife (she was a daughter of the Count Palatinate of the Rhine), carrying her husband on her back. She was followed by all the other women of the town, each carrying either her husband, father, brother, lover, or son on her back. The soldiers were enraged at the deception, and in fury wanted to kill them, but Conrad was so touched by the women's devotion that he pardoned them all. After this Welf VI. was made Duke of Spolito and Margrave of Tuscany.

II.

"The unpastured sea, hungering for calm."

Shelley.

THE WITTELSBACHS.

In the year A. D. when the protection of the "Holy Grave" first sprang up as an ideal, the Bavarian Counts of Luitpolding or Scheyern, of whom we have already written, gave their ancestral home to the Benedictine monks and built themselves a new castle which they called "Wittelsbach".

From this date on they were no longer known as the Counts of Scheyern, but as the Counts of Wittelsbach. Long before the name of Hohenzollern or even Hapsburg adorn the pages of history, they were prominent as an influential and noble family of Counts, ardent and typical representatives of the strong handsome race of the Bavarians. Their name is to be found stencil-clear, intermixed with those of Welf, Hohenstaufen, Carolingian and Saxon, from the earliest times, and few princely houses can boast if they so will, a longer or more unbroken pedigree. The first personality of this ancient house, upon whom we can put the tracing finger, is Luitpold of the Luitpoldinger or Scheyern line, who in the year 907 A. D. lost his life in a war against Hungary. His son was Elector of the Palatinate, his daughter married Henry of Saxony, Duke of Bavaria, and

his grandson by his daughter Judith, was Henry the Wrangler, King of Germany. He is the direct ancestor of all the various branches of the entire Wittelsbach family.

After the treachery of Henry the Lion at Chivanna, Barbarossa took from him the Duchies and gave them to his faithful supporter Otto of Wittelsbach (1180). He was already Count of the Palatinate, and had achieved fame by his deliverance of the German army in the Pass of Chiusa di Verona. He was invested with the Duchies at Altenburg and his statue is to be seen in the Brunnen-Hof, in the courts of the palace at Munich.

OTTO I. reigned as Duke for only three years. (1180—1183.)

After him came the following Dukes.

LUDWIG I. (1183—1231.) (In 1214 he became Count Palatinate of the Rhine.)

The Crusades were now the ideal of almost every German knight, and this spirit especially animated the poetry-loving romantic Bavarians and in 1231 Ludwig went on a long sojourn into Egypt. During his reign the Duchies of Bavaria became definitely hereditary to the house of Wittelsbach.

It was during the rule of the second Wittelsbach that the first tragedy occurred which added a significant gloom to their name. It is difficult to find out the complete truth of the story. After Barbarossa's death, Phillip, his youngest son, was elected Emperor. But the Welfs thought the in-

heritance belonged to the second son of Henry the Lion, Otto.

In the ensuing war, Phillip seemed to gain and to keep the upper hand, but the Pope, Innocent the Second, was on the side of the Welfs as also was the House of Wittelsbach. Suddenly the situation reached a climax by the news that Phillip had been murdered in the Castle of Altenburg, the seat of the Count of Babenberg, by Count Otto of Wittelsbach, Count Palatinate, and a nephew of Otto, the first Wittelsbach Duke of Bavaria. He was followed and immediately killed by one Heinrich Celanen von Pappenheim.

The story runs that his daughter had been deceived by the Emperor. In atonement, Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria, demolished the castle of Wittelsbach, erecting on the spot a church and a Gothic memorial pillar in 1209.

OTTO II. The Illustrious, the son of Ludwig, was the first most eminent ancestor of the Wittelsbach's. He reigned from 1231 to 1253. He also became Count Palatine of the Rhine on his marriage with Agnes of the Palatinate. His daughter Elizabeth married Conrad of Hohenstaufen, afterwards Emperor of Germany. Otto II. left behind him two sons. Ludwig the Severe and Henry XIII. They divided the Duchies between them. Ludwig taking upper Bavaria, the Palatinate, Munich and Heidelberg. (Heidelberg had been one of the chief castle residence of the Wittelsbach's, although Otto had resided mostly at Trausnitz-Landshut. Regensburg had

been the capital, but Ludwig changed the capital to Munich.)

Ludwig the Severe was twice married. First to the hapless Maria of Brabant, whom he had had executed in the castle of Donauwörth for her supposed unfaithfulness. Later he built the Monastery of Fürstenfeld near Bruck in her memory. His second wife was Melchthildis, daughter of Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg. He left two sons, Rudolf and Ludwig. The latter became Emperor of Germany. The eldest son Rudolf desired at first to rule the inheritance alone, but was forced to take his brother in as Regent. He became the founder of the Palatine Line*, and reigned from 1293—1317. Almost immediately after his accession he went to war with Hungary endeavouring to regain his lost possessions, dying in Austria after a life of constant fighting in 1319.

We must now return to Henry XIII., Otto's other son. — He inherited Lower Bavaria and Landshut, and through this division of the Duchies came the first partition of Bavaria. Henry was the founder of the Lower Bavarian Line, which existed only till 1340, when it was again reunited to Upper Bavaria. After his death, Lower Bavaria was inherited by his three sons. This further division led to innumerable quarrels and tangled difficulties. Otto, the eldest son, desired to retrieve some of his lost possessions in Hungary. He gained a complete victory over the Hungarians

* See Page 55.

and later was crowned their king. Lower Bavaria suffered much at this time from famine, pestilence and plague. The division eventually led to the ultimate disintegration of the following Lower Line.

Henry XIII. (Brother of Ludwig the Severe 1253—1290.)		
Otto III. d. 1312. (King of Hungary.)	Ludwig III. d. 1296.	Stephen I. d. 1310.
Henry XV. d. 1333.	Henry XIV. d. 1339.	
	John. d. 1340.	

After the extinction of the above Line, Lower Bavaria was once more joined to Upper Bavaria under Ludwig IV. the Bavarian. He was the second most illustrious ruler of the Wittelsbach dynasty, and his concentration of thought and most strenuous energies were all bent towards the progression, assimilation and prosperity of his country. His reign of forty-five years was of the profoundest significance. In 1311 he ordained that a Charter for the Nobility and towns be drawn up, and in 1324 he gave his son Ludwig the Mark of Brandenburg, the last of that Line having died out. In 1314 he was crowned Emperor of Germany. In 1322 he went to war against Frederick of Austria who also laid claim to the Imperial crown.

Ludwig defeated Frederick at Ampfing, Mühlendorf and Gammelsdorf, taking him prisoner, and keeping him a captive for three years in the castle of Trausnitz, the birth place of Conrad, the last Staufén.

After that time the feud was amicably arranged, for Ludwig was so filled with admiration

for Frederick's gallant and noble behaviour while a captive, that he not only gave him his liberty but acknowledged his claim to the throne, agreeing to share it with him. From that time on they were the best of friends, always together, and ruling with devoted love their Imperial possessions. (Before this the Dukes of Wittelsbach had several disagreements with Austria, and had had to share a slice of their territory with them.) In 1343 Ludwig married Marguerite Maultasch, by this union joining the Tyrol to his territory. In 1346 he married for the second time Marguerite of Hennegau, who by the death of her childless brother had inherited Hennegau, Holland, Seeland and Friesland. These also were added to the Bavarian possessions. Ludwig the Bavarian was buried in the old Frauenkirche. In 1437 his great-grandson Albrecht III. erected there a monument to him, which is still to be seen. It reveals a face of penetrating power, justice, and nobility of purpose. The accompanying genealogical table will show the way of his descendants. He left behind him six sons. The inheritance gathered in by his marriage with Marguerite of Hennegau, he left to his two younger sons, William and Albrecht. Despite his warning, his four other sons divided the duchies between them. Another branch of the now firmly established Wittelsbach House, was in possession of the Palatinate, but as both inheritances were so divided up, there was constant friction. Ludwig V. the Brandenburger (eldest son of Ludwig

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF LUDWIG THE BAVARIANS LINE.

King Ludwig the Bavarian.

Ludwig V. the Branden- burgher of Upper Bavaria and the Tyrol d. 1361.	Stephen II. the Hasty of Landshut d. 1375.	William I. Albrecht I. of Holland. of Straubing. of Brandenburg.	Otto V. of Brandenburg.
Stephen III. of Ingolstadt.	Frederick of Landshut.	William II. of Holland.	Albrecht II.
Ludwig VII. the Bearded d. 1447.	Henry the Rich. 1393—1450.	Jakobaa d. 1436.	John I. of Straubing d. 1425.
Ludwig VIII. the Hunchback d. 1445.	Ludwig IX. the Rich d. 1479.	William III.	
George the Rich d. 1503.	John III. d. 1463.	Albrecht III.	
Elizabeth m. Rupert of the Palatinate d. 1504.	Otto Henry.	Ernest d. 1438.	
		Albrecht III.	
		John III. d. 1463.	Siegmund. Albrecht. Christian Wolfgang.
		William IV. 1508—1550.	Ludwig.
		Albrecht V. 1550—1579.	
		William V. 1579—1597.	Ferdinand (Bavarian Elector of the Ludwig Line).
		1. Maximilian I. Elector in 1623. 1597—1651.	
		2. Ferdinand Maria. 1651—1677.	
		3. Max Emanuel II. 1679—1726.	Joseph Clemens. Elector of Cologne d. 1723.
Joseph Ferdinand d. 1699.	4. Karl Albert 1726—1745.	Ferdinand Maria d. 1738.	Clemens August, Elector of Cologne d. 1761.
5. Maximilian III. 1745.	Joseph 1777.	Clemens Franz, d. 1773, m. Maria Anna of Sulzbach d. 1790.	
	Antonia Maria m. Elector Ferdinand Christian of Saxony d. 1763.		

From Dr. Winters "HISTORY OF THE FATHERLAND".

the Bavarian) had the Tyrol, Upper Bavaria and Brandenburg, and ruled these parts from 1347 to 1361. His brother, Stephen the Rash, had Lower Bavaria and Niederland, and ruled from 1349—1375, causing the second division of Bavaria. His wife was Beatrice, Countess of Glogau. The Palatinate was being held by the descendants of Rudolf.

During this time Bavaria was again swept by a terrible plague which fearfully devastated the aspiring little country. It carried away thousands of the population, and in Passau alone in one day 330 people died. The persecution of the Jews was also stirring up innumerable crimes and brutalities. In 1363 Bavaria lost the Tyrol, and in 1373 the Margraviate of Brandenburg. Ludwig V. had only one son, Meinhard, who died in 1363, thus his inheritance came back to Stephen the Rash, again joining Upper and Lower Bavaria; but he later divided Bavaria between his three sons, causing the third division of the Duchies. Stephen the III. had Ingolstadt, Frederick, Lands-hut, and John II., Munich.

It would take too long to go into the constant fighting and innumerable details of these repeated divisions of Bavaria and the Palatinate.

After the death of Ruprecht III. of the Palatinate (who had also been Emperor of Germany), the Palatinate was divided into two parts, the Heidelberg or Kürline, and the Zweibrücken-Simmern. Later came another division, the Neuburg and Sülzbach, and even more divisions and re-unions.

Lower Bavaria was also in the hands of several brother Dukes. In 1433 occurred the loss of the Netherlands. In 1440 Albrecht, who had inherited Munich from 1438—1460, was offered the crown of Bohemia, which he refused. Then there was Ludwig the Rich of Landshut, 1450—1479, who founded the University there. Eventually Lower and Upper Bavaria were again joined under Albrecht IV. the Wise of Munich, who founded the Primogeniture, or right of the eldest son of the reigning Duke to the Duchies of Bavaria. In 1461 he laid the foundation for the new Frauenkirche in Munich. In 1494 he erected St. Salvators, now the Greek Church, and also founded the Library. (Landshut was for a time separately ruled by the son of Ludwig the Rich, George the Rich, but after his death in 1503 that also was joined to the united Duchies.) In 1487 Albrecht went to war against the Emperor of Germany. There was also a short war over the succession to Landshut but Albrecht eventually won, and Bavaria was now ruled by his descendants until the extinction of his line and the ascendancy of the Wittelsbachs of the Palatinate.

The ensuing reigns of William IV., Albrecht V., William V. and Maximilian I. (the first Elector of Bavaria), are filled with the turmoil of the Reformation, the Thirty Years War, and the appearance of innumerable and extraordinary geniuses in every branch of art. But their works we must leave to another chapter. William IV. became Duke of the two Bavarias, and under him

began many internal reforms. His brother Ludwig, whom he had appointed Regent in Lower Bavaria, endeavoured to bring about a big church reformation on the side of Luther. Albrecht V. (called the Courageous) was an eminently progressive and powerful ruler. He encouraged both the arts and sciences, founding the treasure-collection of the Reiche Kapelle, decorating the Chateau of Trausnitz, amongst many other notable works. William V. founded the St. Michael's Kirche.

We must now go back a little. Apart from the constant turmoils in her very centre, Bavaria's position was one of great precariousness and she had to be constantly on the watch to protect herself from the continual encroachments of Austria. But as battles, sieges, and bloody-avariciousness were the order of the day and the established habits of a certain class of princes, archbishops, and counts, it were useless and uninteresting to lay them out in detail.

Toward the end of the 12th century the Migratory travels were over, and the boundary lines of European nations comparatively fixed; much the same in fact as they are today.

Bavaria was daily asserting a more definite, independent and individual position. The conflict between Christianity and Paganism was over for a time: the „death of the Gods” had taken place; the Götterdämmerung had shed its crepuscular rays over Europe; the gentle miracles of Christ were sowing their glorious seeds in a few ardent and receptive hearts; in others, being used for private ends of a fierce

ambition and egotism, or perverted in the hands of unprincipled princes, prelates, and foulest political corruption. But until a more perfect civilization could emanate, the dominion of the soul, art and its spiritual message fully realised, the "resurrection of the Gods" had to take place, in other ways and forms perhaps, but still had to be, as an "outward and visible sign of an inward and visible grace". The world was waiting for its Luther, its Leonardo, Angelo, Dante, Dürer, and there was much groping in dangerous darkness for Bavaria. Religion was a fanaticism, an anarchy, an egotistical lust. The Catholic Church was universally acknowledged. Social chaos may have been banished, but a complicated system of feudalism had appeared, the individual only existing as part of a social whole, having no political rights, but merely being the last ring on a long chain of sycophantic interdependencies. The supporter of the state was as ever the working man. On his back he upheld lords, nobles, counts, bishops, princes, dukes and emperors. He paid the taxes, and was ground down into that dark cavern from whence emerged, by the terrible pressure, that electric force which spread in eternal, innumerable currents, Socialism! As a Christian he had no communion with God, he saw Him not in "every grass-blade, every star and every living soul", for he could only address Him through the intervention of some priest, bishop or Pope. Thus his fears and prejudices were cultivated, his mental and moral growth checked,

his spirit he know not of, for in the entire organism, man as man did not exist. The Popes were the greatest arbiters of an arbitrary age.

In 1268 occurred the first signs of the great schism which was to rend eventually the power of the church in twain, and tear up in violent emotions the feelings of every German state. It grew in force and all the deadly premonitions gradually reached a climax under Ludwig the Bavarian, who, in conjunction with all the other German states, declined to acknowledge the absolute infallibility of the Pope, the dominance of the Roman power, and the election of the Emperor as due to Papal consecration.

An inspiring impetus came over from England in the appearance of Wycliffe. In 1443 the three opposing Popes were deposed, which considerably weakened their power, and Martin V. was elected. Then a storm was raised by the individual, daring opinions of John Huss and his followers and the deep indignation caused at his martyrdom. This was swiftly followed by the devastations caused by his violent and rather unprincipled avenger, Ziska the one-eyed man, and his lawless followers, who broke into Germany and laid waste some of the fairest parts and cities of Bavaria. In 1493—1518 came the final great rent, the appearance of Luther, and the terrific onslaught of a Reformation. "How different would the course of events have been if there had existed at that time a broad national spirit, a strong public opinion in Germany." The great Hero was

there, Luther! but he was beset on all sides by divided classes and sects, regardless of the welfare of the whole, thinking only of the individual liberties. But the enlightened princes were on his side, and the gentry. The peasants too realised that he came to them as a saviour of social betterments, as a weapon against hierarchic aggression. But he was defeated by small conspiracies and the root of all failures, *lack of unity*. Nevertheless, under his impetus the main supports of mediaeval life had crumbled away, and a new power arose, destined to become the chief instrument in a new civilization. The sovereign power of the territorial princes and the communal independence of the cities. Both these forces trended to prepare the way for modern democracy.

The history of the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries, are a record of continuous and finally successful effort on the part of the princes to assert the supreme power of their office against conflicting interests of all classes; the clergy, and nobility as well as the bourgeoisie."

Bavaria had innumerable internal troubles and salvations of her own to work out, but she had always possessed more independence than any other German state, and as all her cities were free Imperial cities, they developed more swiftly and on broader lines and principles than the others. But her concentrated little kingdom felt the reverberating shocks which were so convulsing Europe: she was at heart, like all Celtic

ances, pronouncedly Catholic. In 1530 began the many disunions which terminated so disastrously in the terrible Thirty Years War. Bavaria was caught up in the surging maelstrom of this fearful religious strife and swept along in the vast tide of furies. Catholic, Protestant, Lutheran, Calvinist, all were at bitter enmity in their unreligious egotisms, and with each step falling more and more away from the true meaning of Christ's universal message.

Maurice of Saxony had rushed through Bavaria on his way to attack Frederick V. Bavaria was the head now of the Catholic league, all the Catholic princes uniting under Maximilian of Bavaria, while the Reformists were led by the Palatinate Elector, Frederick.

The Thirty Years War is too well known to all students of history for one here to go into its seemingly everlasting turmoils. Duke Maximilian of Bavaria rendered continual and great service to the Emperor, having completely routed the troops of the Elector Frederick, the Calvinist King of Bohemia. Ferdinand, Emperor of Germany, rewarded him by giving him the Electorate of Bohemia and also the Upper Palatinate, which remains Bavarian to this day. He was also appointed one of the nine Electors of the Empire.

The Thirty Years War which had been waiting in an electric tension in millions of nerves, now that the final signal had been given by the revolts in Bohemia, burst forth in all the blaze of

its cruel fury. After this came the devastations caused by that remarkable Bohemian individual, Albert von Wallenstein. He and his army of 30 000 men had become the dread of entire Germany, for although he had gathered together his army for the avowed purpose of fighting for the Catholics, later he and his men became mere adventurers and plunderers, pillaging both Catholics and Protestants alike, robbing, murdering, burning, laying waste to villages, castles and monasteries on their path of wild and unruly lawlessness.

The Thirty Years War most truly exemplified the maxim that "a great licentiousness treads on the heels of every reformation". The Catholic league assembled at Heidelberg (for the Bavarians were the most ardent of all the Roman Catholic states), (1629) and requested the Emperor to make peace. Wallenstein had raised his army seemingly to help the Emperor, but egotistical glory poisoned his soul, and although he had been made Commander-in-chief of the German army, so awful were the crimes and atrocities committed by him and his followers, that the Emperor took it from him and gave it to Tilly, the famous Imperialist leader. The latter has become a national hero to the Bavarians, as he fought consistently for them and the Catholics. Nevertheless, the capture and destruction of Magdeburg by him, one of the most brutal events of history, seemed to turn the tide of his luck. Success comes so eternally from within, and he

himself felt that by this deed of unwarranted cruelty he had sown the seeds of his own destruction. Ever after he was shadowed by his crimes, and when Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish king, swept through Germany driving out the Catholics, as Tilly had the Protestants, he was defeated by him and died at Ingolstadt of his wounds. Yet another awful crime took place: the capture of Würzburg and the butchering of all the monks. Crime succeeded crime, deeds of bloody vengeance, hate and wild thirst for satisfaction for fanatical beliefs, ruled the prejudiced hearts of both Catholic and Protestant alike. Gustavus Adolphus reaped success for a time, making a triumphant march through Roman Catholic Bavaria, entering and taking possession of Munich. Every indignity was put upon the inhabitants by the Swedes, until at last the long suffering, down trodden peasants rose in a fearful wrath and fell on the Protestant army. There followed a series of terrible combats; Friedstadt was burned to the ground and all the inhabitants killed by order of the officers of Gustavus. Tilly was dead, and so the Emperor had again to turn and look for help to Wallenstein, who had in the meantime, returned to his estates in Bohemia. He promised to help him and the country out of their increasing difficulties, on condition that the Imperial troops be entirely at his disposal, and many other arbitrary conditions.

The Emperor was forced to assent, and thus

the Empire was entirely at the mercy of this one strange, powerful, arresting adventurer; this man with two such distinct forces at work within him; one of large, noble ideas, straightforward, fearless, and generous; the other suddenly consuming, like a Jekyll, all his better nature; mean, treacherous, unprincipled and ignoble. He quickly gathered together an army, and advanced on Gustavus Adolphus who was then in Nuremberg with only 16 000 men. Gustavus stationed himself at Fürth, a strongly fortified place outside Nuremberg, and Wallenstein was two miles off on a low wooded hill. For months they remained watchful, quiet, lynx-like. But at last pestilence broke out in Gustavus' camp. His patience had reached the end of its enduring tether. They met in a fearful battle and Gustavus was defeated and killed. After this Wallenstein became a terrible power. His influence, combined with his utter indifference to the Emperor's commands, were causing that monarch much uneasiness. Wallenstein had allowed, without any resistance, both Ratisbon and two other towns to be taken by the Duke of Weimar, which the Emperor had ordered him to protect. He refused to receive orders from the highest, so Frederick was eventually forced to take from him again the command of the army, and put him under the ban of the Empire.

It was then that Wallenstein [decided to go over absolutely to the side of the enemy, the Protestants; but his treachery was discovered, and

he was murdered in 1634. Still the terrible wars continued their ravages in Bavaria as elsewhere until 1648 when they were terminated by the Peace of Westphalia. But Bavaria had lost some of her fairest possessions. Germany was merely the bare skeleton of an Empire: spineless, fleshless, and shattered. Switzerland and Holland became independent and also all the German princes. The supreme power was invested in the Reichstag, which was to sit permanently at Ratisbon in Bavaria. The latter was torn and sick with weariness of war. Half her inhabitants were lost, not only by the sword, but by pestilence and famine. Villages had completely disappeared, others stood empty, unpopulated. The land was a tragedy to the eye, trampled, and uncultivated.

All the trades in her heretofore glorious towns had failed, the streets were deserted and grass-grown, doors and windows battered in and broken.

The famines had been so awful that the eating of human creatures was not rare, and bands of men, in cannibal-like frenzy, wandered abroad. It was a time of the most profound and fearful horror, bestiality, and degeneration.

In Franconia the depopulation had been so great that every man was forced to have two wives, and neither men nor women were allowed to enter monastery or convent. The population of Germany had dwindled from 17 millions to 4 millions. The years following for Bavaria were full of both a decay and a growth. Her endeavour to resuscitate the lost greatness of her towns resulted in the

most absurd and hideous form of despotism. There seemed to be even less religious or political liberty than before. Municipal privileges were reduced to nil. The Elector, petty princes, and rulers of the entire country determined to exert absolute power over the religious beliefs of their subjects. Luther's message was distorted and mangled. And yet out of the midst of this chaos and utter desolation, modern German life has sprung.

Maximilian I., marks an epoch-making period, despite the fearful times in which he lived, in the internal development of Bavaria. His great penetration, wisdom, energy, strength and prudence steered Bavaria perhaps a trifle more safely than other countries during the throes of these religious turmoils. He not only encouraged art, architecture, poetry, &c., but improved the army, placing it on a very different footing to what it had heretofore held. In 1616 he gave the command to John Werner Tzerklas and Count Tilly, the latter having learned his statistics in the army of Duke Alexander of Parma. Tilly was a brilliant soldier and General, and attained great prominence and fame, not all to his ennoblement, during the first part of the Thirty Years War.

Maximilian I., was undoubtedly the most famous Elector of his century. Bavaria had been for the last ten years of his reign, the central meeting point for all the forces engaged in the war; French, Swedish, and those of the Emperor; and had in consequence endured untold misery, and loss.

Maximilian I., died in his seventy-first year at Ingolstadt where he had in the happiness of his youth laid the foundation of the University. He was succeeded by his little son Ferdinand Maria; the mother, Maria Anna (sister of the Emperor Ferdinand III.), acting as Regent until his coming of age. It was the deep ambition of Ferdinand Maria to keep the peace of his country. He married Henrietta Adelaide of Savoy, and later his daughter Maria Anna married the youngest son of Louis XIV. of France. Ferdinand Maria's wife brought a combination of French and Italian atmosphere to the court of Munich. Their union was devoted and happy. The terrible fire of the Residenz in 1674 gave her such a violent shock that her health was ruined, and two years later she died, to be followed in three years by her husband. Max Emanuel, their eldest son, inherited the duchies, and another son, Joseph Clemens, became Elector in Cologne. Max Emanuel was an ambitious and striving Elector. In 1682 he fought for the Emperor Leopold against the Turks with 15 000 Bavarians. After the war (1685) he married the Emperor's daughter, who was also a niece of the childless King of Spain. In 1688 he made a great conquest over the fortress of Belgrade. An enormous number of Turkish prisoners and some exquisite booty and plunder he sent back to his capital. After this he was called the "Conqueror of Belgrade".

Ever since the reign of Maximilian I. (1620)

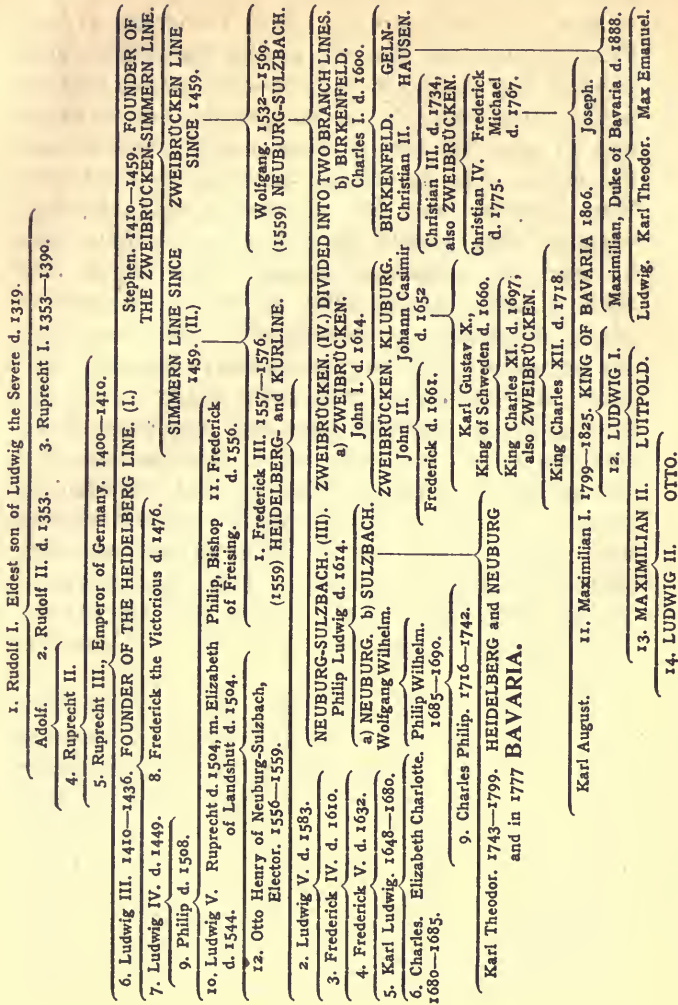
his successors had continued faithful bodies of the German body, and allies of Austria. But now (1701) Max Emanuel began to assist Louis XIV. of France by threatening and attacking Austria so as to prevent her co-operating with England and Holland. This was occasioned by the death of Charles II. of Spain, and the various claims put in for the throne, two of which were the Bavarian Elector and the Emperor Leopold I. his father-in-law. This occasioned another long war, retarding violently the progress of Bavaria. But "Kings must have slaves; kings climb to eminence over men's graves". The Bavarians fought with the Pope, and that abomination among monarchs Louis XIV., against the German Emperor, Holland, England, Portugal and the Electors of Hannover and Brandenburg. It resulted in the famous battle of Blenheim fought on August 2nd 1704 (or the 13th) when the French and Bavarians were defeated by the Duke of Marlborough. From this date the Elector of Bavaria and his remaining forces served for ten years the French armies, and his country was governed by Imperial commission, until the Peace of Utrecht, or more properly the Peace of Baden, in 1714 which re-instated him in his dominions.

His son Charles Albert seems to have been untaught by the disasters which followed in the wake of this union, and he renewed his connection with France, and on the death of the German Emperor in 1740 came forward as a candidate for the Imperial crown, obtaining a

nomination through a majority of the Electors. He sent an envoy to Austria to say that he could not recognize Maria Theresa as Empress of Austria because he considered that the House of Bavaria had first claim to the inheritance. In 1741 he marched against Austria and over-ran a considerable part of the country, but his triumph was of short duration, for the armies of Maria Theresa, with the aid of the Hungarians and the Croats (who had come enthusiastically to the aid of the ardent young queen) completely routed the French and Bavarians. They pursued the Elector's army into Bavaria and took possession of Munich. On the very day that the Austrians and their champions entered Munich, the Bavarian Elector had been crowned Emperor of Germany (Charles Albert VII.) but he was unable to show himself in his Bavarian dominions. He died in 1745, and the Duchies of Bavaria were returned to his son Max Joseph, on condition that he would renounce all the pretensions of his father. All now went fairly smoothly for Bavaria until the death of Max Joseph in 1777, when the direct line of Wittelsbach died out, having reigned for 500 years, and the Pfalzbach-Simmerchen branch came into the inheritance.

Karl Theodor of this line became the successor to the Electorate, thus uniting once more Bavaria proper with the Rhine Palatinate. Karl Theodor was the representative of the elder branch of the Wittelsbachs. But now Austria suddenly laid claim again to the title and took military pos-

PALATINATE OR RUDOLF LINE OF THE WITTELSBACH'S.



session of the country. But Frederick II. of Prussia came to the aid of the Bavarians, and Austria was obliged to withdraw her claim, luckily before any more blood was shed; but Bavaria had to give her the frontier district which has the name of Innviertel, or the Quarter of the Inn. Karl Theodor was not a favorite with the Bavarians; they looked upon him as an alien, and he was not a man of enough character to win their esteem, nor a ruler of enough weight to prove important or beneficial to their country. He personally disliked the country, people, customs and manners, and never really took root among them. He was especially unpopular after the cession of the Innviertel to Austria, and the spread of the rumour that he had intended to come to a curious bargain with that remarkable and subtle queen Maria Theresia of Austria; which was nothing more nor less than to transfer the descendant of the Wittelsbach inheritance to Sicily, and hand over to her the Bavarian Duchies.

Probably the most notable thing he did was the laying out of the English Gardens. Before, it had only been a marshy, wooded region, damp and undrained and spreading as a desolation into the town. The work of laying it out artistically was entrusted to Count Rumford (an American by birth, Benjamin Thomson. He had become naturalized, made a Bavarian general and also a counsellor of state). The turning of the lonely marshy region into broad, sweeping meadows,

deep groups of trees, quiet green walks, long misty avenues, Böcklin-like lakes and waterfalls, is a work done with appreciative and beautiful care. It was commenced in 1797, but not opened till 1799, and not actually completed until 1803. Carl Theodor also laid out the Königin Strasse.

In 1771 there was a slight war over the Bavarian Succession, and in 1785 a Bond or Union of the Princes signed.

For long now it had been the fashion in Bavaria to regard everything French as the epitome of all that was right and beautiful; her habits the pattern, and her manners the ideal by which all must live. The 18th century in Bavaria was one entirely of French atmosphere. It was in a way a natural reaction against the "dead formula" which had before existed, and also the parasitic attitude towards a more powerful conqueror. For in the wars with Maria Theresa most of the Bavarian towns had been continually occupied by the French and they were reduced often to poverty by this influx and the heavy levying of contributions. After the death of Carl Theodor (he having died childless), the Duchies passed to his brother, Max Josef, who had been acting as Regent in the Palatinate. The left Palatinate of the Rhine Carl Theodor had lost to the French. Max Josef had also lost his ancestral land of Zweibrücken to them. He came with a grateful heart into Bavaria, but during the first two years of his electorship, the French took military pos-

session of both Munich and Landshut, and he was obliged to hold his court at Amberg.

Not only that, he was forced to fly to Mannheim, to the beautiful castle of Karlberg, built by Duke Carl. He was there surrounded by the Jacobites and his standard torn down. The spirit of revolution was rampant and howling for satisfaction everywhere. He came in at a stormy time and saw little rest during his arduous and difficult reign. In the great contest of the Franco-Prussian war Bavaria was again forced into battle by having to furnish a contingent as a member of the Empire (1793).

During the first years of the tremendous struggle for liberty on the part of Germany, her territories remained comparatively untouched, but in 1796 Munich was again occupied by a powerful French army under Moreau, forced to sign a separate treaty with France, and withdraw her contingent from the German army.

In 1799 Bavaria found that she had considerably benefited by her French alliance, for having placed her troops at Napoleon's disposal, in his war against Austria and Russia, France in turn, came to Bavaria's aid when the Austrians, enraged by this act, came swarming into Bavaria and attacked Munich. But they were beaten by the Bavarians and French and forced to retire. Then again, when Austria took up arms against France in 1805, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden came forward, or were either forced by Napoleon to take up arms for him again. Hesse-Darm-

stadt, Baden, Würtemberg and Bavaria had ere this formerly separated themselves from the German Empire, and declared themselves subject to the French Emperor. So that the unfortunate Emperor Francis II. was forced to abdicate, and announce the dissolution of the Empire. But Bavaria, by her alliance with the French, continued to gain in power and strength.

Napoleon, in 1806, on New Years Day, made her Elector, Max Josef, king; giving her also very many important acquisitions of territory; Ansbach, Bayreuth, Nüremberg, Würzburg, the Palatinate left of the Rhine, Salzburg and other portions of the Tyrol. This led to the heroic uprising on the part of Andreas Hofer (an innkeeper), Speckbacher (a hunter of chamois) and Haspinger (a friar), the three who led the Tyrolese to make one of the most gallant and stirring endeavours in the pages of history for liberty. It is curious that Bavaria should have continued to support the French and receive favours from Napoleon's hand, allowing this son of the people, this genius of egotism, purpose, power and vitality, to hand them a crown. But then in those days he went in much for king-making, crowning both himself and his partner, Josephine, making republicans aristocrats, of his own family kings, queens and princes, and of his friends dukes, barons and knights. His disgraceful and unforgettable murder of John Palm, the bookseller in Nüremberg, should not have been either forgotten or forgiven, but at this time

Bavaria was obsessed by his dominating will, and was merely the vassal of France. French was spoken and written by the court; in fact this European Caesar had made a vast Confederacy out of the German States. Bavarian men of letters and people of the highest social standing thought nothing of the Fatherland. Patriotism was looked upon as vulgar and in bad taste. Princes, nobles &c., sought by bribery and other corrupt methods to gain favour and position from the French authorities. It was a period of the deepest degradation, even though Bavaria reaped many material benefits from it. Her excuse lay in the fact, that knowing the designs of Austria upon her, she was forced to chose some powerful ally, and Napoleon had proved by his many victories, and the Germans by their ghastly failures, that the former meant protection, the latter annihilation. If Bavaria had not taken this initiative she would in all probability have been swamped by the powers around her, as Prussia seemed at that time fated by destiny to fail. The situation was very different then to what it is now. There was no German Verein or Bund. Each petty state had its own politics, and was virtually independent. After the crowning of Max Josef as King, Napoleon visited Munich. An enormous banquet was given in his honour, and Max Josef's eldest daughter was betrothed to Napoleon's stepson, Eugene Beauharnais, the Viceroy of Italy. (Beauharnais was Napoleon's first wife's son.) While Napoleon was in Munich,

he showered presents wherever he went. Beautiful Gobelin tapestries, chimney pieces of Carrara marble, a table which is now in the Museum at Munich, and that remarkable gift of twenty nine cannon, which Austria had taken from Munich to Vienna long before, and which, after Austerlitz, Napoleon returned to Bavaria. All this portion of Bavaria's history does not tend much to awaken the admiration of the reader.

But in this she is not unique. All nations have, and still have, their pages of weakness, political corruption and the ascendancy of mediocrity. Without her strong German element she would not be what she is today, and without the power and egotism of a Napoleon she would in all probability still be ruled by an Elector. In 1813 Max Joseph decided to throw off the French yoke and join the successful Allies of his Empire. Napoleon's power was on the wane, and he aided the Germans in Napoleon's eventual defeat, marching to the Main to cut him off should he attempt to retreat. It was at this time that Max Joseph presented his people with a rather complicated constitution, making the attempt to satisfy the growing demands for political freedom in speech and action, also striving to maintain the so newly acquired kingly rights in autocratic fashion. Nevertheless, he was a most excellent king, who dearly loved his people, having ever their interests at heart, and being in turn much beloved by them. He was always called "Father Max". From his accession the present modern spirit of progres-

sion began to manifest itself. As soon as he could gather a little time and peace from out the furious harlequinade which had swept so ruthlessly through his dominions he set about making innumerable reforms and introducing many beneficial measures for the country, putting on a much firmer basis the financial system, encouraging the cultivation of the land and the value of home products. Freedom of speech and improvement in learning made steady advance. The districts of Bavaria, consisting of four tribes and eight provinces, were now definitely arranged. The former are, Bavaria Proper, the Palatinate of the Rhine, Franconia and Swabia. The latter, consisting of the Isar Province (Upper Bavaria) Upper Danube (Schwaben and Neuburg), Lower Danube (Lower Bavaria), Regen (Upper Palatinate and Regensburg), Reza (Middle Franconia), Upper Main (Upper Franconia), Lower Main (Lower Franconia and Aschaffenburg), Rhine (Palatinate). Universities and schools of the highest standard sprang up in all the towns and cities, such as Landshut, Erlangen, Würzburg &c. The Art Academy, the Hoftheater, and the Botanical Gardens were also built and laid out respectively under his auspices and in the year of his death, 1825, he founded the world famous Bronze Foundry from which came the gates for the Capitol at Washington.

Max Joseph was possessed of little martial spirit. None of Bavaria's four kings have for long been animated by a desire for either

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH I. 1806—1825.

LUDWIG I. d. 1868, m. Theresa of Saxon-Hildburg d. 1854.	Auguste m. to Napoleons stepson Eugene Beauharnais. von Austria.	Charlotte m. Emperor Franz d. 1875.	Karl Frederick William IV. of Prussia.	Amalie m. King of Saxony.	Ludovika d. 1892 m. Duke Max of Bavaria.
MAXIMILIAN II. 1848—1864, m. Marie of Prussia d. 1889.	OTTO, King of Greece b. 1821, d. 1867, m. P. R., m. Amalie von Augusta Oldenburg of Tuscany d. 1875.	Adelgunde m. Duke Franz of Modena d. 1875.	Adalbert Amalien of Spain.	Ludwig. K. Theo. Max Eman. d. 1893.	(Daughters): Elizabeth, Emp. of Austria. Princess of Briganza. Sophie Charlotte, Duchess D'Alençon. Queen of Naples. Countess Train.
LUDWIG II. 1864—1886.	OTTO I. b. 1848.	Lud. Ferd. m. Maria of Spain.	Alfons m. Luise of Orleans.	Siegfried Christian Luitpold.	
Ludwig b. 1845, m. Marie Theresa of Austria Este.	Leopold m. Gisela of Austria.	Ferdinand. Adalbert. Maria.	Joseph. Clemens.	Franz.	Gabriele m. Ruprecht of Bavaria. Luitpold.
Ruprecht b. 1869 m. Duchesse Gabriele.	George. Conrad.	Arnulf Theresa.	Ludwig.		
	Karl Franz Wolfgang d. 1895.	Adelgunde Hildegarde Wiltrud Helmtrudes Gundelinde.			
	Luitpold.				

From Dr. Winters "HISTORY OF THE FATHERLAND".

the military life or its glories, but they possessed other and probably more useful, inspiring qualities; namely, a deep and sincere love for art and its uses, the desire to beautify their country, control it in peace and lead it to a height of prosperity; while an overweening desire for military ascendancy, drains its country commercially, leading it to penury, and the most direful poverty for the poorer classes.

Through the able advice of his brilliant, wise and prudent counsellor, Monteglas, he put into movement also many momentous political and religious reforms. He died at Nymphenburg castle, October 12th 1825. His son Ludwig I. said of him in tender memory, "a better heart never beat upon a throne".

We now come to such recent history of Bavaria and to two such vivid, potent and curious personalities that we must reserve the subject for another chapter.

III.

*"Enter with me into the
dark zone of the human soul." —*

Emilia Pardo Bazan.

THREE KINGS OF BAVARIA.

And now the vista opens out onto the tragic vicissitudes of the mysteriously fated Wittelsbach dynasty. The gloom and grandeur of a mighty doom seems to enshroud them, stealthily following with vindictive footsteps. — And hand in hand with this nocturnal mist which descends on them, their kingdom has come more and more to the front ranks of European countries. Bavaria may not be one of the “influential powers”, neither have successes from the standpoint of military or political glory added much to the splendour of her history. Her story has been chiefly an artistic one combined with a long fight for emancipation to enable her to follow this path of beauty. But behind her failure in military statistics she has climbed steadily to the highest peaks of literature, art, and music. Her pages are emblazoned with the names of great painters, sculptors, architects and literary men. And in this respect perhaps she holds out the most beneficent hands to us of all her more prominent neighbours. Those who seek in her gratification of physical, commercial or external success will go away empty handed. Those who come to her for spiritual

comfort and artistic inspiration will depart through newly revealed gates of light.

And yet, still in her very midst, not far from her very heart and capital, to whose magnetic centre so many yearly flock, is the symbol of a great heritage, crushed seemingly by an irrevocable doom; an incomprehensible destiny. Even more tragic than "the ruins of illustrious cities", is the ruin and degeneracy of an ancient, noble house. Yet in it's very age perhaps lies the germ-seed of its downfall. The "atrociousness of fate" such as impregnated with unswerving purpose the classical dramas of ancient Greece, hangs over her door-lintels; lifting her far above the strata of ordinary, mundane weaknesses and tragedies, and investing the house of Wittelsbach with a profound significance. The solemn lineaments of a world-wide meaning, perchance a lesson applicable to all, looks out on us through curtains of thick silence. And not only tragedy but impenetrable mystery surrounds this House of so ancient a lineage, which many sentimental, garrulous tongues, failing or not wishing to see or feel the awesome breath and purpose of God, have endeavoured to sink to paltry depths of romance, bathos, and illogical perverseness. Nevertheless it is a serious and gigantic sorrow; a lonely destiny.

The pen of an Ibsen, Tolstoi, Maeterlinck, or the unerring penetration of a Symonds, would be able, if they so willed, to unravel and reveal the sweeping outlines of this psychological tragedy.

But do we ever learn? The pages of history are fraught century after century with pregnant lessons which we seldom raise above the mere folly of humanity, or distort to suit our own ambitions, convictions and prejudices! History itself, of course, can seldom be authentic or accurate. It descends through too many mediums, and we are all too apt to generalize.

The more potent the message the more do we pervert it by the addition of innumerable details, devoid of certain foundation. The more violent the tribulation or the sin, the more do we, in smug satisfaction, banish it to other countries or distant ages. Nature, Beauty, Sin, all repeat themselves in each age and all countries, and with a purpose. Surely not a whisper that occurs, but is meant for all, and comes from the trailing Garments of God. Not a tragedy but that is, or should be, felt by each. Not a symbol but could be both individually and universally applied. But we live, wander and work, in a hushed secrecy of soul, and temperament. We are as afraid of ourselves as we are afraid of Beauty, until this self-repression has become a thing to laud and emulate The lessons remain untaught. We neither reveal, nor do we care to understand. The voice of God is not allowed to penetrate We hide its whisperings by innumerable veils of prejudice and convention which we call refinements, dignities and goodtaste Do we never see a laughing, satiric face grinning at us in conquest?

Many books have been written on the last three kings of Bavaria, both psychological, artistic and bathotic. — And it is difficult to extricate from the mass of tangled matter and detail the most salient and revealing points. The strong tendency to erraticism and eccentricity which revealed itself in different forms in all three of them, has so often been contradicted; or if acknowledged laid to so many varying and different sources. But it is more than probable that the mental trouble of Ludwig II. came from both sides of the family, for as early as 1763 Frederick Christian of the Palatinate showed several signs of insanity. After the death of "Father Max" in 1825 Ludwig I. became king of Bavaria. He was born at Strassburg in 1786 being therefore thirty seven years of age when he was crowned. Ludwig was married to Princess Theresa of the Saxon-Hildeburg line. When Crown Prince he had spent many years in Italy, cultivating his passionate love for art and beauty and leading a free and independent life with a little gathering of earnest artists and students. In these years were laid the foundations of his excellent taste and judgment in architecture and painting and in the determination to make of Munich, if so were possible, a German Athens. He gained a very perfect knowledge of the three sister arts, and while still very young realized the necessity in Munich for a collection of masterpieces of sculpture in a fitting building. He employed, out of his private means, eminent archaeologists to excavate for

him in Greece, and Herr Haller von Hallerstein and Professor Wagner unearthed and collected for him many rare treasures. The former, while excavating in Greece, discovered in the Island of Aegina a wonderful marble group, from the Temple at Athen, which was of infinite value to the entire artistic world, throwing as it did almost a new light on Greek art. For the reception of these valuable possessions the Glyptothek was built and the title chosen by Ludwig's former tutor Lichtenthal. The architectural designs were by Professor Klenze. The work is a combination of pure Greek architectural beauty and the practical and noble Roman style. It contains one of the most remarkable collections of original antique sculpture in Europe. The interior is magnificent and the collection arranged in historical order, containing specimen of Assyrian, Egyptian, Incunabula, Aeginetan, in fact all ages of Greek, Roman, Renaissance and modern sculpture. Ludwig had the best advisers and was surrounded, in his youth, by the most cultured and artistic minds of his period. In the days of his early enthusiasms and ardent "hero-worship" Martin Wagner was ever his close friend, and at his house in Rome, Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Wagner, Cornelius, Schnoor, Casanova &c. met to discuss all artistic subjects.

Before he became king, Ludwig had paid two visits to Italy; first, when but a boy and later after peace was restored and the introduction of the German Bund promised that it should be lasting.

In the intervening time between these two visits he had to serve with the Bavarian army under Napoleon. Ludwig was a thorough German at heart. He hated Napoleon, and this enforced military service under his power and against his Fatherland bred in him a deep and bitter hatred for the Emperor and for the French. He once said that "it would be the happiest and proudest day of my life if Strassburg, the town where I was born, should once more become a German town". He longed for re-union with Germany, and for the time when he could raise the standard of art in his country which had been so paralyzed by the continuous wars and political troubles. When Napoleon was in Munich arranging the marriage of his step-son, Eugene Beauharnais, with Ludwig's sister, the latter showed his contempt for the great Conqueror so plainly that Napoleon in turn took a violent dislike to him, and, so rumour has it, contemplated having him assassinated in the comfortable way Bonaparte had of doing. His own words "the contagion of crime is like the plague" fit him very well. He was very desirous that the Kingdom of Bavaria should be inherited by the children of Beauharnais, and to this end also would have been satisfied with the premature death of the Crown Prince; but Destiny is stronger than the strongest will. The future of Bavaria might have been very different if this colossal egotist had fulfilled his unscrupulous purpose.

Ludwig came as the direct artistic awakener

of his people and it would be difficult to annotate all the art treasures which sprang from his inspiring brain, or what Bavaria and the artistic world in general, owe to him in this respect. The Bavarians, as their history shows us, have always been an artistic loving, and genius breeding, race. But the many vicissitudes and crushing failures through which they had passed had left them lacking in enthusiasm and the strong powers to progress and to "absorb without being absorbed". They needed the firing of an ardent, fearless and enthusiastic soul. Ludwig came to fill this need. We can imagine Nüremberg and Rothenburg and some of the other mediaeval towns without Ludwig, but not Munich. This city is the outward and visible form of his dreams and ideals. But as no external form ever can attain its ideal "the value of the act and the splendour of the dream can seldom converge toward the same apex". Nevertheless, he gave us the Glyptothek, the Propylean (a beautiful Graeco-Doric Arch, which was erected to commemorate the connection of the House of Wittelsbach with the Liberation of Greece. His second son Otto had been elected King of Greece, but the irony of fate intervened and on the day of the completion of the arch Otto had to return to Bavaria. One of Ludwig's dreams had been the resuscitating of the glory of Greece and her freedom. But his son's failure shattered this hope). Opposite the Glyptothek he erected the Art Exhibition in Corinthian style; and in the Carolinen Platz the

bronze Obelisk, in memory of the 30 000 Bavarians who fell in the Russian campaign of 1812. In the first year of his reign he brought the University from Landshut to Munich, and made innumerable efforts to better the conditions in schools, convents and monasteries. The original University had been founded by Ludwig the Rich in Ingolstadt and was moved to Landshut by Max Joseph. It possesses over 300 000 volumes. When Ludwig was Crown Prince he had always coveted the plains and meadows lying north-east of the city and later he bought them, carrying out his plan of wide avenues and streets with magnificent, harmonious buildings. The Ludwigstrasse, which was commenced in 1816, with the two severe bronze fountains, the school for the daughters of the nobility, the Georgianum Seminary for Priests and the Blind Asylum, was his entire work. The magnificent Siegesthor erected to the Bavarian army, is a copy of the Arch of Constantine in Rome and with its mighty figure of Bavaria driving forward in inspired strength toward the future and into light, fittingly terminates the Ludwigstrasse. The Ludwigskirche (Church of St. Louis) and the Leopold Palace which was originally intended for a villa for his wife, Queen Theresa, were also built, the Old Pinakothek completed and the New Pinakothek founded (the former for the old masters, the latter for the modern school).

The Royal State Library was also built by Ludwig; its entrance fittingly guarded by the

meditative figures of Thucydides, Homer, Aristotle, and Hippocrates. The building is in imposing Romanesque-Florentine style, containing the Royal Archives of over half a million parchments, beginning with the year 777 A. D. and the records of Bavaria before the year 1400.

The most ancient objects of interest it contains are the "Wessobrünn Gebet", the Hohenems M. S. of the Nibelungen, Tristan and Isolde, Parsival and Titirel. The Tournament book of Duke William IV. the Prayer book of Duke Albrecht V. (the founder of the original library) containing the Psalms written for his orchestra by Orlando de Lasso, and illuminated with water colors by Mielich (1565), and the Emperor Maximilian's prayer book with marginal drawings by Dürer and Cranach.

Ludwig also built the Palace of Duke Maximilian (now the residence of Duke Karl Theodor, the famous oculist), the Odeon Concert Hall (the Court balls which he liked so much to attend were given here. The famous frescoes of the hall were painted by the elder Kaulbach).

The equestrian statue of Elector Maximilian I. in the Wittelsbach Platz by Thorwaldsen (one of the finest pieces of monumental work in Munich) the Wittelsbach Palace, the Feldherrnhalle (copied from Oreagnas Loggia del Lanzi by Gärtner), which symbolises the boundary line between Old and New Munich, the Königsbau, the Festsaalbau, the Allerheiligenkirche, (one of the most exquisite, artistic and consistent pieces of ecclesiastical art products of modern times.

It is restful, entrancing and full of the delicacy of a truly mystical atmosphere. The interior is a copy of the Byzantine-Romanesque church of St. Marks in Venice.) The Basilica or Church of St. Boniface which is attached to the Benedictine Convent, (the most beautiful of all the larger churches in Munich; the artistic decorations being unusually beautiful, especially the ones dealing with the life of St. Boniface and painted by Heinrich von Hess after the historical information supplied by that eminent historian and remarkable man Dr. Ignaz Döllinger), the Ruhmeshalle, the great statue of Bavaria, Walhalla near Regensburg, (that wonderful temple erected to the great pioneers of Germany, from Hermann to Goethe), the Befreiungshalle near Keilheim (erected in 1842 a second national monument), the Gärtner Platz in Giesing, with statues erected to his two favorite architects Gärtner and Klenze, the Promenade Platz with its five statues, (the Elector Max Emanuel, the historian Westenrieder, Glück the composer, who was born at Weidewangen in the Upper Palatinate, Kreitmayer the Bavarian Chancellor, and Orlando de Lasso the composer of the 16th century), the Monopteros and Exedra in the English garden and the entrance to the Hofgarten, with its frescoes and arcades, the former by Cornelius, Kaulbach and Neureuther, are all the works of Ludwig I.

It would be impossible to name all the statues and pictures which he presented to Munich, or to speak of the immense progress which sprang

up under his eager guidance. It is said that he spent out of his private purse over 30,000,000 marks on Art and 20,000,000, on scientific, religious and charitable institutions. Apart from Munich he did a great deal for the art of the country, renovating the Cathedrals of Bamberg and Speier, completing that of Regensburg, and in Kissingen building the Arcardenbau and Kursaal &c.

As a personality, Ludwig is by far the most interesting of the three kings; an arresting, eccentric, ardent and dominating character. He was peculiarly democratic in his ideas, which were considerably advanced by his keen friendships with so many artists. He paid little attention to Court conventions, liking to go about with as little ostentation as possible, as a private gentleman. He was ever willing to lay down his royalty and be a man among men; a fellow artist. His early years had bred in him a cosmopolitan love of unity and humanity, which chafed at the apartness of a crown and all the formalities it entailed. At times he showed that curiously contradictory characteristic which appeared again in his son Maximilian and so dominantly in his grandson Ludwig II; that sudden changeability of mind, from simple democratic ways to amazingly autocratic ones; becoming a stickler for the finest points of a ridiculous court etiquette. His hatred of war was very marked and only one of his sons was educated for a military career, the Prince Luitpold (the present Prince-Regent). He cut down the expenses of the army as soon

as he could and once more the military reputation of Bavaria fell into ill repute. — Ludwig is not to be censured for his lack of interest in the importance of this profession, for he must have been surfeited by war and the humiliations of his early years of military experience under Napoleon. He clearly saw that Bavaria's only hope lay in an artistic and scientific awakening. It was time for peace, and to forward these most necessary ends the expenses of the army had to be cut down and her reputation in that line forced to take a secondary place. It became more of a humiliation than an honor to become a soldier, and the feeling was so intense, that, although conscription existed, the young men of the period did everything they could to unfit themselves for that unpropitious profession.

But in the financial and ministerial departments, Ludwig excelled. He was more than punctilious, rising in the dark wintry mornings to work by lamp-light, when everyone else was asleep. Not only was it his dream to make of Munich such an honor to Germany, that no traveller could say he had seen Germany if he had not visited her, but to institute innumerable reforms for the benefit of his people, both in town and country. He was an ardent encourager of literature and poetry, doing considerable work in the latter branch himself, but it can hardly be said that he excelled, or attained in this line the high quality which so marked his other achievements. He left behind him four

books of poetry, mostly of a patriotic order, intermingled with love sonnets, and a biographical work entitled "Valhallas Genossen".

His was a personality well calculated to earn and keep the love of his people. But the Bavarians are of a curious temperament. They love rashly, in an impulsive way, more like the Austrians than the Germans, and are easily influenced in individual as well as artistic and national directions. They are dominated too by a good deal of southern-like jealousy and what they possess, they desire shall exist for them alone. They adored Ludwig for a number of years, the eccentricities of his youth appearing as charming to them. His absolute disregard of danger, his independence of thought, the free way in which he moved among them all, his abundant enthusiasms, were intensely admired. It was probably always a little felt that his political capacities were not very brilliant, but that was overlooked and if the quiet, plain and gentle Queen chose to shut her eyes to his rather numerous failings in the way of marital fidelity, well! neither would they say anything! The pictures of him when he first came to the throne show one a strikingly fine, sensitive, earnest, cultured, delicate and artistic face. But as old age crept over him and his eccentricities did not wane, they assumed a somewhat less loveable and more sinister shape to his people. Their leniency wavered. What had once seemed like individual habits, or the irresponsibility of genius, now looked more like bad

habits; and erraticisms appeared as tendencies towards that weakness of will which so often leads to an unbalanced mind.

The country had again been shaken by the permeating waves of revolution from France. The former revolution had influenced all men's minds and speech, and they were ever in wait, despite their many advancements, for yet another brand to light their flaming senses of the rights of man and that eternal desire which cries for more independence. The brand to light the waiting faggots came, as it so often does, carried in the pioneering yet destructive hands of a woman.

The people were chafing against certain unfulfilled reforms, certain broken governmental promises, when suddenly into their very midst, like a flame encircled in a whirlwind, sprang the alert and radiant Lola Montez.

This period of the few years before Ludwig's abdication is one of the most interesting in all later Bavarian history, but one difficult to unravel accurately, so surrounded is it by prejudice and the dislike of eye witnesses and biographers. Some of the participants in the tumultuous excitement of the time are still alive, namely the Prince-Regent.

The ecclesiastical feeling was running very high; its power very great. Bavaria had ever been ardently Catholic, and the Ultramontanes were the dominating party, holding the reins of government. Into this atmosphere of rigid Catholicism

appeared the, for the time being, still more dominating figure of the Spanish dancer, Lola Montez.

She came to fulfill an engagement as a dancer, but the authorities refused to sanction her appearance, as certain rather discreditable reports had preceded her. But the ambitious woman refused to acknowledge any authority but that of the King, and promptly besieged him in his palace. She was at first, of course, refused admittance, but after one or two failures, learning that at a certain time Ludwig was wont to take a walk in a portion of the Palace grounds, she so manipulated as to meet him on his stroll, and while passing gave him a full view of her glorious face, making a seemingly unconscious remark concerning the grandeur of expression on the monarch's countenance. Impressionable Ludwig of course enquired who she was, granted the desired interview, and not only allowed her to dance, but fell completely under the spell of the witty, daring, magnetic, and very lovely woman.

Lola Montez only made two appearances at the Opera House as a dancer, at both of which the king was present. The dancer's beauty must have been very compelling, her magnetism irresistible, her brilliancy and fearlessness of brain incontestable. She was the type of woman who rules for the time being wherever she goes. Behind all earthly powers some such unprincipled yet delicate force is at work. She reminds one not a little of Hamilton's Mrs. Croix, with her

“exalted eyes and insatiable mouth”, but unlike the latter remarkable woman, was unable to hold her own to the end.

If Lola Montez was not sent out by some secret political party to upset the Ultramontanes, or some English Freemasons Society, to overthrow the public peace and government, certain it is that she was keenly bitten with the passion for politics, a love of power and a strong antipathy for the Ultramontanes; and knew that to accomplish her ambitious ends, she must work through some high positioned, but susceptible medium.

After her retirement from the world as a dancer in Munich, she first resided in a Hotel, then she went to Fürstenried, as the King's guest, and later she came and took up her abode in the little palace on the Barerstrasse which he had built for her. — Of course she promptly attracted the attention of the entire town. Parties were formed for and against her, but for a long time she drove the heads of the army, the government, the students and a portion of the people in her fascinating leading strings. Her receptions gathered in the most prominent and brilliant in the land. She founded the Corps of the Allemani, and through the severity of the fight afterwards, they always upheld her. She coquetted with the Ultramontanes, blinded them by her subtle machinations, and then overthrew the entire government. All who criticised or worked against her earned the enmity of the king, losing both posi-

tion and royal favor. A new set of ministers were brought in, and after the dismissal of Abel and Döllinger, Lola Montez was comparatively the ruler of the state.

First of all she was given the title of Baroness Rosenthal, and later that of the Countess of Landsfeld.

Her past, before her advent in Bavaria, is wrapped up in the same mist of unauthentic detail, and it is with no affirmation of authenticity that the following is given.

Her real name was Marie Dolores Elise Rossanna Silbert. She was born in Limerick in the year 1818. Her father was an Irishman in the English army, her mother of Spanish extraction, from whom later she took the name of Montez.

In 1837 she married Captain Thomas James, who died in 1842. After his death she was evidently left very badly off and she took up dancing as a profession. From her mother she inherited all her Spanish grace, witchery and talent for that especial art which so characterises the Spanish people. Some aver that she was a failure at Her Majesties in London where she appeared in 1843, but it is more than probable she was a success. She went to Dresden and Berlin where she had continued success. Then on to St. Petersburg where the Czar is said to have fallen very much in love with her. From there she went to Warsaw and thence to Paris. There scandal followed her and she is supposed to have

been the mistress of Dujavier or Dugarier (he was the editor of the "Presse"), who was killed in a duel with Beauvallon over her age. In the autumn of 1846 she went to Munich, promptly exerting her brilliant powers over the King, and dominating the situation for over two years. Apart from her beauty the Countess of Landsfeld was a very cultured woman. She spoke German, French, Italian and Spanish, fluently. The latter appealed much to Ludwig, it having always been one of his dreams to go to Spain.

The fair Lola used to read to him from the Spanish Calderon and Don Quixote, in the original. She had in her early youth travelled much, having been to India and America. It was little to be doubted that the king should have been captivated by such a woman. The conformities of Bavaria hardly allowed that a woman, whatever her talents or genius, should take such a prominent part, or comprehensive interest, in politics.

The Countess of Landsfeld knew no conformities, and politics were her passion. She was a born revolutionist, strongly imbued with the fever of democracy, and knowing her powers, did her utmost to influence Ludwig to carry out her ideas. At last her power grew so great, and her spirit so ambitious, that public favor began to turn and grow fearful. She made her most fatal error in demanding the Royal Salute and the title of "Countess". Jealousy as well as moral indignation, were at boiling point. All the

students, except the one Corps of the Allemanni, rebelled against her, also the government and the people. All were up in arms, literally, and demanding that Ludwig should banish her. He refused. This woman with her witty tongue, her brilliant pen, profound knowledge and domineering ways, combined with her unusual and rare beauty, held him complete captive. The revolution between the Liberals and Ultramontanes began. Munich was no longer safe for the Countess, but she refused to leave. Twice when out driving she was forced to fly for safety. Once into the old Academy in the Neuhauserstrasse where one can still see the marks of the bullets and bayonets on the walls, from the infuriated mob (the story runs that she fled inside and hid behind one of the big canvases, thus escaping detection). At another time she had to flee into the church of the Theatines for protection.

But she possessed as fearless a spirit as Ludwig himself and once when the mob stormed her house, she rushed out at the head of her students, the Allemanni, clad in a coat and sash of their colors, a sword in her hand, and braved the danger of being torn to pieces. She was badly hurt, and at last her friends had to insist that she should leave the city. After her fall she went to Berne, and thence to England where she married a young man called Heald. After that we cannot follow her very definitely. She went to Spain and thence to America, where she acted in two plays written by herself, entit-

led "Lola Montez at the Court of Ludwig" and "The Amazons".

In 1852 she married a journalist (whether her second husband was dead or divorced we have been unable to discover), called Hall. She had only been in America a year when she went touring in Australia (and later in America also) with her plays. She used to lecture, and wrote several books, one of which was called "The Art of Beauty" and also her Autobiography. — She died in New York in 1861 at the age of forty-three. There have been several books and pamphlets written on her dramatic career, but most of them treat the subject as a romance or are so prejudiced over her anti-papal views that she is left little character or charm.

Lola Montez was one of those brilliant, misguided temperaments, full of invaluable fire, intelligence, penetration and power, which could have led her to great heights, if only the qualities of a high ideal, and necessary spirituality, which must have been inherent in her, had only been cultivated.

After her "deposal" and banishment, the king did not seem to care to retrieve his position in the sight of his people. National love and public sentiment had been deeply wounded and hurt by the monarch's weakness and vacillations, in the hands of this foreign woman. He felt that he could not regain his old footing, and rumour had it that he did not wish to.

He was sick and tired with disappointment at the so easily raised barriers and prejudices of

the people for whom he had done so much, and he abdicated soon after she left the country. It is said that he followed her to Italy, that being the reason why he remained there for the next twenty years of his life, but it is almost certain that he and the Countess Landsfeld never met again. Ludwig had her portrait painted to hang with the rest of the famous beauties who adorned the gallery of his palace, but after his abdication it was taken down; or rather when the present Prince-Regent came into power. It is now kept with its face to the wall in some disused lumber room and cannot be seen.

The most prominent men of letters during Ludwig's reign were, Joseph Gorres the historian, Oken and Schubert, natural philosophers, Frederick Thirsch and Ludwig Döderlein, students of ancient philology (the former in Munich, the latter in Erlangen), Andreas Schmeller, Schlegel and Baader (philosophers), and the two famous theologians, Michael Sailer (Bishop of Regensburg), and Ignaz Döllinger, one of the most remarkable men of his time, and a great friend of Gladstone's. He was the most erudite, gentle, benign and noble of men. A splendid nature, encased in a calm, abstracted, plain but attractive exterior. A great stir was caused by his brave and daring resistance, late in life, against the innovation of certain papal doctrines, and although a sincere Catholic and the first theologian in Germany, he was excommunicated by the Pope for his inability to believe in his Eminence's infallibility.

Nevertheless he still remained the greatest historical theologian of the church, his lectures were always crowded, and he was made President of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Munich. It was he also who exposed so relentlessly the many abuses and misuses of the Confessional.

Dr. Döllinger always looked upon himself as an especially ugly man, but Lenbach saw the intense attractiveness concentrated in the curiously lined, long, thin, luminous, and deep countenance. He painted several portraits of him, the finest of which is to be seen in the Academy of Sciences. Hildebrand (the sculpture of the Wittelsbach Fountain in the Maximilian Platz), also did a bust of him. Dr. Döllinger died at the age of ninety-one.

Other famous men were Klenze and Gärtner (who so magnificently carried out the king's ideas for the embellishments of Munich), Ziebland, Ohlmüller, Schwanthaler, Wagner, Thorwaldsen and Rauch. The painters most prominent were Kaulbach, Cornelius, Stieler, Schmid, Schrandolph, the brothers Hess, Rottmann and Schnoor of Carolsfeld. Stiglmayer and Müller did exquisite work in bronze, and at the same time the famous old Bavarian art of glass-painting was resuscitated, by Ainmüller.

Rückert from Schweinfurt (a poet), Jean Paul Richter and Platen from Ansbach were all encouraged by Ludwig. He abdicated in 1848, and died twenty years later in Nice, at the age of 82. His body was brought back to Munich where his grandson was reigning and buried in the Basilica,

where he himself had had an exquisite sarcophagus placed. His wife, Queen Theresa, had died in Munich of cholera in 1854. A beautiful statue was erected to him by the people of Munich, who by that time had forgotten all his weaknesses and failings, only remembering all he had done for their country. It was modelled by Widmann, and the two pages, either side of the mounted figure, carry each a tablet on which is written Ludwig's favorite motto: "Just and Persevering".

Ludwig left behind him only three children; Luitpold (the present Prince-Regent, who was born in 1821). Adelgunde, who married the Duke Franz of Modena, (she died in 1875) and Adelbert, who married Amalien of Spain (and who also died in 1875), Otto, who was for a time King of Greece, died in 1867, a year before his father (he was married to Amalie of Oldenburg) and Maximilian, who came to the throne on his father's abdication, in 1848.

Maximilian II. was of a severe, introspective, melancholy temperament, an earnest scholar, and clever man. But his tastes ran more to scientific, literary and philosophical subjects, than to the arts of sculpture and painting. He was a profound lover of the ancient classical authors, especially the writings of Marcus Aurelius, endeavouring to rule both his life and his country on certain stoical principles. He was the simplest of all the three latter kings, believing in that "evenness of mind" so characteristic of the Ro-

mans; in controlling every passion, cultivating an interior as well as an exterior repose, and in not showing so plainly and frankly his emotions, likes and dislikes, as his more irresponsible and erratic father. Maximilian's was a very difficult position to fill, coming to the throne as he did during his father's life time, and having almost immediately to endeavour to quell the insurrections in Westphalia. In this he was assisted by Prussia. But the tribunals, in carrying out the punishments, were so ruthless, and unrelenting, that they were hereafter known as the "Bloody Assizes".

He was of a delicate constitution, inclined to melancholia, loving solitude and the desolation of wild mountain scenery. He did not court outward show but his disposition was inclined to be more autocratic than his father's, and the upbringing of the unfortunate Ludwig II. was ruled by the strictest discipline, severity and lack of comprehension. It was an endeavour to crush all too spontaneous feelings, and to quell all sensitive dislikes or attractions. Maximilian nevertheless had also his romantic, theatrical and inconsistent streak, which found such a violent and pathetic climax in his son. For instance, we read of him on his hunting excursions always dressing himself entirely in a sort of "Robin-Hood" costume of green; green hat, suit, stockings and shoes. All the suite and foresters were bound to wear the same costume. Later in life his passionate love for the mountains and solitude deve-

loped into a kind of misanthropy and he lived more and more away from the city, his capital. Immediately after his succession he set about carrying on the innumerable reforms both for the government, improvement of the country, &c.; which his father had so strenuously set in motion. He devoted most of his energies to the improvement of the educational system and to the furtherance of scientific and philosophical progress. He gathered into his capital, for this purpose, a brilliant circle of famous men, Liebig, the great chemist, the historians Eybel and Giesebrecht, Riehl, the authority on historical culture, Carrière, the professor of Aesthetics &c. — He also laid out, at his own expense, the beautiful Maximilianstrasse, one of the noblest streets in the world. Now that the new bridge is completed, the view, up this broad and superb avenue, with its harmonious skyline, tree-lined promenades, fine statues, crowned in the distance, high on the hill, with the exquisitely beautiful Maximilianeum, so decorative and almost estatic in outline, is one of extraordinary loveliness and perfection. When this lovely building is lit by the setting sun one can hardly imagine in any European city, a more exalting or poetry-begetting scene.

All the buildings down the Maximilianstrasse were erected by the king in the curiously mixed style of Gothic and Renaissance which he preferred, but the effect is so satisfying and the street so beautiful, that one cannot complain at perhaps a want of perfect architectural know-

ledge, or feeling for perfect taste. He also built the old National Museum, the Government Buildings, and founded the new Mint. The magnificent monument which terminates the "Forum" of Maximilian II., was not erected till 1875, but it fills in the vista with a perfect balance of gradation. Maximilian II. also built the remarkable Germanische Museum in Nuremberg. The postal, telegraph and railway systems were much enlarged and improved under him, and under his auspices the first Industrial Exhibition ever held in Germany was given in Munich in 1854, for which purpose the Glass Palace was originally built.

One day on one of his hunting expeditions, Maximilian, when still Crown-Prince, passed the ruins of the ancient castle of Schwangau. As one travels through the beautiful country of Bavaria, one sees on the borders of almost every lake, on almost every hill and mountain, or appearing like some white secret from the dim greenness of deep woods, the marbles and turrets of some ancient castle or chateau. But those which will most absorb our attention, are Linderhof, Berg, Neu-Schwannstein, Herren-Chiemsee and Hohenschwangau. Not only are they fraught with sombre, tragic memories, not so far distant, but are almost psychological guides to the souls of their resuscitators. And all are built on sites which are alive and throbbing with the poetical interest of legends, romance, and heroic days.

After the memorable day when Maximilian

passed the old castle of Schwangau, he determined if possible to elevate its lost glories, and restore this ancient feudal home of his ancestors. He purchased it about 1832, but the restorations did not commence until about 1842.

It is high up in the Bavarian Alps, rising, a second Wartburg, from rich, mystical and purple shadowed forests. Around, sweep the solitary, steep mountains, majestic and powerful, below lie the clear lakes of the Alpensee and the Schwansee. The ancient title comes from "Schwan" a swan and "Gau" (meaning district or province). There are Chronicles devoted alone to the history of this knightly castle. Below it, nestles the little village of Hohenschwangau. It is in truth the district of the Knights of the Swan, and from here Lohengrin went forth on his knightly quests, the son of Parsival. The first feudal owners of the castle were the Welfs or Guelphs who named it Schwanstein. In 1191 it came into possession of the Hohenstaufen Dukes of Swabia. In 1221 Hildebold, an amateur or gentleman Minnesinger, lived here. He was a Crusader and Knight of the Round Table, and on one of his pilgrimages fought in Syria. The Chronicles prove him to have been a noble and luminous character, a poet of good verse and a friend of Walter von der Vogelweide. In 1567 it passed to the Bavarian Dukes. The name of Ludwig the Bavarian appears in the Chronicles and the widow of Conrad IV. and his little son Conradin (a ward of Ludwig's), lived here for some years.

The race of Schwangau eventually died out and the last two of that name sold it to a wealthy citizen of Augsburg, including all its rights and titles. But they were unable to keep up its princely magnificence, and it was bought back by Albrecht, Duke of Bavaria. In the 17th and 18th centuries it was besieged and captured several times, destroyed by the Tyrolese in 1809 and sold in 1820 for a small sum. The castle as it now stands is not very large, but of great loveliness. Maximilian's tastes were comparatively simple, and he had the interior decorated with legends from German history. The architectural part was carried out by Quaglio, Ohlmüller and Ziebland; the interior frescoes and sculpture by Schwanthaler, Lindenschmidt and Schneider (all Munich artists). The castle was Maximilian's favorite resting place and retreat, and after his death his widow spent much of her time there. Ludwig II. was also passionately attached to it. Maximilian also resuscitated the Castle of Berg, which was purchased by the Elector Ferdinand Marie in the 17th century, having been built by a Baron Horwarth.

By his shrewd and economical government and strict attention to financial affairs, following thus in the footsteps of his father, he left the country in a prosperous condition and a large fortune to his two sons. There is little doubt but that Maximilian would have been a happier and healthier man if the arduous reigns of government had never fallen to his share, and he been privileged

to lead in the seclusion of some university home, the life of a scholar. But the cares of a crown and the many state difficulties wore continually on his frail constitution.

During his reign Maximilian gathered about him, apart from the eminent circle of scientific brains, a number of poets, such as Paul Heyse, Emanuel Geibel, Franz Kobell (a dialect poet), Frederick Bodenstedt (an epic poet), and Hermann Liugg. Also Hermann Max Schmid and Martin Greif (who wrote dramas for the Residence Theatre, dealing with the Welfs, Wittelsbach and Bavarian personalities in general. For instance "Henry the Lion", "Ludwig the Bavarian" and "Hans Sachs" are all plays of his.)

All through his reign Maximilian had been constantly troubled by the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. Bavaria had continually stood up for the independence of Holstein and the hereditary right of the Holstein Augustunburg House. For a short period Denmark had been pacified by Prussia, and the latter with Austria, took possession of the Duchies. But in 1864, while Maximilian was in Italy, endeavouring to nurse back his fast failing health, the trouble broke out again and he was forced to return to Munich. For some time his life had been so frail that it was despaired of, but the people demanded his return. Prussia and Austria had gone to war again with Schleswig-Holstein. Maximilian returned to his death. He fell desperately ill and died on the 10th of March 1864,

leaving his nineteen year old son to reign in his stead.

His Queen, Marie of Prussia, lived for twenty-five years after her husband's death. She lived to see four kings reign in Bavaria, her father-in-law, her husband; her son Ludwig, and the present unfortunate Otto, who never could inherit his rights.

In later life she is said to have shown several signs of marked eccentricity; insisting always on going about in the elaborate State coach. She was a protestant Princess, but very late in life during the rule of her son, was converted a Catholic.

It is somewhat with trepidation that one approaches a character which has been so curiously idealised as Ludwig II. The peasants of Bavaria are naturally prone to romance; especially when the object of their attention is their King and one who surrounds himself with mystery and seclusion, and whose end is haloed with such a terrible tragedy. Nothing awakens the sentiment of simple folk so much as the exclusiveness of a picturesque personality, placed by destiny, in the worldly annals, so far above them. And then the abrupt and crude treatment with which he was suddenly made virtually a prisoner in his own kingdom, awoke all the resentment which lies latent in most individuals against governmental power. Ludwig is a piteous, tragic and helpless figure. Many assert, that, if he had not been born to inherit a crown, he would have been one

of the most unique and remarkable geniuses of modern times. For this assertion there seems little foundation. Ludwig never showed any individual creative art powers and his tastes seldom were on the exquisite track of pure, lofty, or either brilliantly suggestive or intellectual art. He was an impressionable, theatric-loving, and very Celtic character. Marred ever by a weakness of mental grip, a too self-centred egotism, a temperament which lacked centrality, and more an inclination to be absorbed into his ardent and heated fancies, than the power to absorb and then reveal them in individual fashion. His strange and terrible story, upon which all the terrific lime-light which surrounds one in his position was thrown, called forth innumerable expressions and opinions. Yet when the die is too far cast the self same adorers, who leap to hysterical emotions at the sight of a crown, can be the most cruel to rend when the fall comes. "We are (ever) betrayed by what is false within" and from the first years of his youth Ludwig's destiny was marked out for him by his inherent weakness. With a little more solid strength and advice on the part of those around him, a little less fear and a little more true compassion and interest for the soul of a brother in mortal illness, his way might not have been so hard.

Ludwig II. came to the throne on the death of his father in 1864. His grandfather, on whose birthday he was born, was still alive and in Italy. Ludwig was little over eighteen years of

age. Before Maximilian's death he had insisted on his son taking a prominent part in the affairs of state for which the youth had little taste or inclination. He had an unsympathetic and severe education. One little calculated to strengthen his sensitive and selfish temperament, or to make him more frank or outspoken. He early evinced those swift and repellent antagonisms for certain people, or for any ugly sight, which grew a morbidity with him in later years. He was shut within himself and the result was an imagination which, having no artistic outlet, was thrust back upon unwholesome dreams and morbid fancies. A nature can be exaltingly great and noble and of necessity apart, introspective and solitary. It was not those qualities which marked Ludwig's mental tendencies so early, as the combination of them with a furious and unruly temper which found vent and delight in cruel amusements. There is probably no human being who does not possess in some cryptic portion of their nature the elements of greatness. Ludwig certainly possessed them. He loved the peaks and heights even better than did his less ardent father. But his lofty loves were more for externals, and he never seems to have brooded over the possibility of attaining the self same peaks within. He was ever filled with the "delusive dreams of a sick man" and "a dreamer is a madman quiescent" (sometimes) "as the madman is (often) a dreamer in action". He ever lacked personal courage and in any unexpected danger completely lost his

composure. In the latter years of his reign his fear of assassination was pitiful. He hated to see any sickness or illness around him and could not even bring himself to go and see his wounded soldiers when they returned from the war of 1871. Döllinger says that he showed marked signs of military genius, but if so, the talent died early with other of his enthusiasms, for he never led his soldiers to battle, although he used to wear a uniform and occasionally review the troops. Art was to him the only setting for life, and it was the banners, colors, costumes, music and other theatrical paraphernalia which characterises the army, which appealed to his imagination. The horrors of war, and the reason for an army, probably never crossed his mind.

Ludwig II. was very sensitive to ridicule in his youth, and if any place had unpleasant associations for him he never liked it again. Such as the beautiful church in Berchtesgarden, where he went as a boy and with which he was so impressed that he returned at night to see it in the moonlight and was so scolded for the escape that he never liked the place again. He showed very early that tendency to live always within himself, and to indulge in waking dreams. Döllinger said to him one day, on finding him alone, buried in the depths of a big sofa, unable to read because of some trouble with his eyes "Your Highness should have something read to you, it would serve to pass the tedious hours". — "Oh! they are not tedious to me", said the

prince, "I think of lots of things and am quite happy."

The contradictions of temperament which marked both his father and grandfather were still more accentuated in Ludwig. His adoration for Wagner is well known, and his youthful interest in freedom and independence for the people. He evinced a keen interest in the small Republic of Switzerland, and when little more than a boy wrote a play, the subject of which was a king's son who conspired with the people and incited them to revolution, dethrones his father and declares a republic. It was a truly republican tragedy and showed which way his thoughts were trending. Yet in contradiction to all these democratic ideas, the two personalities to whom he looked for artistic inspiration were the autocratic and corrupt Ludwig XIV. and XV. His most consistent passion seems to have been for a dead woman, the beautiful, unhappy, self-indulgent Marie Antoinette.

The heads of the government were continually changed under his vascillating rule, but despite reports to the contrary, even after his comparative desertion of Munich, he did personally attend to all the affairs of state. During the first years of his reign, Ludwig seemed to be filled with a kind of joy over his power and position, and the adulation which followed his every footstep, word and action. He was a striking figure, of a dark, sombre and melancholy beauty. Some have likened him to a "Shelley on the throne", but his nature did

not seem to trend so much to the spiritual or abstract, as to the glory of external things, a passion for colour, and a certain sensuous mysticism and gloom that likens him more to the temperament of a Byron. He surrounded himself with the most refined and cultured men of his government, and promptly started in to carry out some of his long cherished views. Almost his first act was to send for Wagner, whom he had long worshipped from a distance, since a memorable day when he read a pamphlet of his in possession of his beautiful cousin Elizabeth, Empress of Austria (who also was an ardent admirer of Wagner's). Ludwig's strong attraction for Wagner's permeating genius, can be simply traced. His youth had been spent in a hero-worship of the knights and poets of his romantic country, and the legends of Lohengrin, Parsifal and Tannhäuser had all been inwardly absorbed. Suddenly on the horizon of his lonely life appeared this man of fire, giving them new life and vitality through the most exquisite of mediums. Ludwig had long identified himself with the knight of the Swan, so is it any wonder that his brain, teeming with all the ancient folk-lore and saga, with which Bavaria is throbbing, should have been immediately drawn to the man who had come to that country for the very sources and foundations of his works. Ludwig had first heard Lohengrin in 1857 when the opera had met with such fierce opposition in Munich, but his ardent imagination had been captured and his allegiance

sworn. He read all Wagner's works, and studied his operas, but it was more as a medium for the ancient legends that he admired him than for his music. It was the possibilities for external and gorgeous setting which attracted him, as it did in all his art phases, for we do not hear that he ever attended any orchestral concerts, or loved music for its own sake. His musical teacher, Wanner, always maintained that Ludwig had no ear for music. Nevertheless, three weeks after his succession, Wagner was in Munich.

The latter at that time was steeped in every kind of misery. His operas not only failures, but scorned and ridiculed. Burdened with domestic troubles and disappointed with poverty, failure and seemingly hopeless ambitions; he was over fifty, and though convinced of his dominant message, to which some day all would listen, was much in need, not only of a helping hand monetarily, but of a sympathetic friendship and the encouragement of an ardent admirer. This all came suddenly and unexpectedly in the appearance of the youthful king. The story of the latter's friendship for Wagner, of the invaluable help he continually held out to him, of his productions of his operas, are all too well known and have been too often discussed from every standpoint to again be treated of. Wagner became a naturalized Bavarian, and to this country and the energies of Ludwig he owed a great deal. This step showed unusual discernment on the

part of Ludwig when one remembers that he was only a lad of eighteen at the time and that all the world was against the initiations of this new reformer. It is doubtful, though, if Wagner's works had on him personally a very beneficial effect, for they so developed his morbid ego-maniacal tendencies, that later he would only witness them in private, and had extra performances given for him in the opera house, or out at one of his palaces. Wagner became his constant companion. Again public jealousy was aroused, reaching a deadly climax when Wagner one night received the applause of the public from the King's box. It is curious that Bavaria should now be the country where the genius of Wagner is most honoured. Bayreuth is her's and the Prinz-Regenten, the two great festival houses for his operas. But during his friendship for Ludwig, they looked upon him as the Kings most baneful influence. Whatever political or governmental error Ludwig committed and which did not please the people, was considered due to Wagner's machinations.

Insinuations and innumerable evil reports were spread. He was accused of greed, undue influence, ingratitude &c.; and the banishment of the King's favourite was demanded. Ludwig was incensed, but at last the trouble grew so intense, that he had to accede. Wagner was asked to leave, but it is doubtful if Ludwig ever forgave the people of Munich.

All the above, however, spread over a number of years. During that time, a new school of

music was founded for the practical education of students in a high sense, and von Bülow was sent for to be its director. Wagner raised the musical taste and judgment of the entire country, giving an entirely new impetus to the operatic outlook.

He had touched a new borderland of psychology and suggestive penetration. It was a pity the Münchenerers did not realise that his advent in their city was epoch-making. Following him came Cornelius, von Bülow, Liszt, Schnoor (the great tenor; the finest interpreter of Tristan) and Semper, the conductor. It was a revealing time, but the eyes remained closed. That Wagner had any influence over the king politically, or that he used any influence he may have possessed, except for the furtherance of art, has been thoroughly refuted. In after years, after his virtual banishment from the city, Wagner often visited it for the productions of his operas. After his departure, Ludwig started in to make the plans for a Festival Playhouse in Munich but was prevented by both government and populace and the idea crushed as a whim of foolish infatuation. The wealth which Munich thus thrust from her was incalculable. She would have been musically what Bayreuth was, if jealousy had not so killed all reason within her. After Wagner's departure, Ludwig was seldom seen, going whenever he could to visit his friend, and plunging into the wild extravagances of his castle building. His eccentricities grew; he changed continually his

suite and companions, no longer seeking the society of cultivated men, but taking with him on his solitary visits to his castles and his long wild drives, only a quarter-master and a couple of grooms. He overlooked in them almost all etiquette; became careless and morose, hating to be seen or recognised.

There are of course several tales about his love adventures and of his platonic admirations for the opera singers, but it is difficult to find any substantial proof of any real romance in Ludwig's life. In his early days as Crown-Prince he was supposed to have been much attracted to a little Russian Princess and planned building a castle in Graeco-Muscovite or Russo-Byzantine style. There is also a story about his attachment to a young peasant girl. The two prima-donnas who captivated him (more by their art than anything else), were Josephine Vögel and Fräulein Schefsky.

In 1867 he was engaged to Sophie Charlotte, daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and sister to his much beloved cousin Elizabeth of Austria. Her mother was the daughter of Max Joseph I., king of Bavaria, so they were first cousins. The marriage was delayed on pretence after pretence. It was well known that women had little or no fascination for him, although he was always most courteous to them. He had doubtless imbibed freely Wagner's theory of celibacy and his seemingly passionless love was given to Marie Antoinette and his cousin Elizabeth.

The engagement was broken off and the truth of the story will never be known until the world is able to read the letters of Ludwig, Wagner &c., which are tied up with other state and private documents.

Amongst the many rumours was one to the effect, that he had heard his fiancée was in love with someone else and through jealousy had broken off the engagement. Another, that he delayed so long with the final preparations that her father asked him finally to name a day or to break off the engagement and that Ludwig in his anger, thinking he was being forced against his will, flew into a rage and refused to get married altogether. Another, that his growing eccentric ways frightened his little cousin. She afterwards married the Duke D'Alençon and was burned to death in the terrible fire in Paris in the Rue Jean Gonjon in 1897.

His weariness and restlessness grew on him more and more; he became more gloomy and solitary, riding and driving wildly, not only in the mountains, but in the city thoroughfares. He suffered from awful headaches and became conscious himself that his will and self-control were giving way.

Before this he visited Wartburg, the castle where Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide had sung; a romantic and desolate castle in Thuringia, not far from Weimar. Luther lived here after his secession from the old faith, and it also has the romantic tradition

of having been the place where the ancient trials of minstrelsy originally were held, reproduced in Tannhäuser and Die Meistersinger. These ancient spots of past glory appealed to Ludwig and awakened his slumbering dreams.

Another added disturbance was the unsympathetic feeling existing between him and his mother. She had been much in favor of his marriage with Sophie Charlotte and had never forgiven him for breaking off the match. Also her jealousy of Wagner was intense and she did not hide her pleasure at his dismissal from Munich. Ludwig on his part was much incensed at his mother's conversion to Catholicism, although he was a Catholic king.

Between 1860—1864 the political horizon was very stormy for all of Germany.

In 1865 Ludwig reviewed in Munich 14 000 soldiers. This was so unusual and his appearance so remarkable that it re-created and revived the waning interest in him. Monarchies have often to be fed by visions of royalty; they pay for the royal appurtenances and want to be constantly viewing them. Consequently nothing trended so much toward making Ludwig unpopular as his wish to live a retired life.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair which so troubled the last days of Maximilian came to the fore again more seriously than ever and required the most dexterous handling to avert an European war. In 1866, Ludwig was carried away by an enthusiasm lacking much in diplomatic tact. His

troops allied themselves with Austria and both were hopelessly beaten. But Bismarck, knowing so well the value of the second largest German state, did not intend to humiliate her too much, so that, despite her tragic losses, she did not suffer as much misery as did Saxony and Austria. On the withdrawal of Austria from the German Confederation, Bavaria again changed her attitude and took sides with Prussia against France. After that a good deal of religious and political ferment began. But on Nov. 23. 1870, a treaty was signed between the German Confederation and Bavaria, acknowledging the King of Prussia as the head of the German Empire. At the same time a greater amount of independence was given to Bavaria than to any other of the German Confederacies. She was freed from domiciliary surveillance of the Empire and allowed to retain the administration of her postal and telegraph system, while her army was a separate organisation during peace, under the Bavarian King. This treaty with Prussia was epoch-making, for the Emperor Napoleon III. had hoped for a renewal of the international Bavarian policy, when he had declared war against Prussia, not counting on the united Federation of Northern Germany with Bavaria.

On July 16th 1871 the victorious army returned to Munich in triumph under the command of the Crown Prince, Frederick of Prussia. Ludwig who had not gone to the front, and the unfortunate Prince Otto, his brother, had to be sent home,

owing to his mental trouble which had manifested itself very markedly. Ludwig was filled with mortification and despondency over the tremendous ovation given to Frederick by the people of his own capital. The Crown Prince had covered himself with heroism and glory; he was a martial hero, a "man of Iron and War", excelling in physical courage and well equipped to awaken the enthusiasm of the emotional crowds. Poor Ludwig, who had ever shown a lack of courage, fled to his castle of Berg on the very morning of the big military banquet given in the conqueror's honor. He was torn with fear that Frederick, in the event of another war, would threaten the independence of Bavaria, and seize from him his crown. But in this direction his fears and jealousy of Frederick were unfounded, although the latter's manner was anything but cordial and full of an overbearing ungraciousness and arrogance. By this condescension of manner Ludwig read that he only looked upon him as half a king. His ever alert sensitiveness was deeply wounded, and after the first reviewing of his troops by the Crown Prince after the war, he never came into Munich to receive his royal visitor. Concerning this period Frederick wrote a diary, containing many interesting and also very personal details. It was published in 1881, but suppressed by the order of Bismarck.

The great Franco-Prussian war of 1870—1871 did more to unite the disunited states of Germany and

to draw them together in a union at least of political friendship if not of national love. At least the great dislike between the North and the South externally gave way.

All the miseries of Germany, the petty quarrels, the terrible wars, the awful bloodshed and sieges were due, as indeed are they not ever, in all nations, to internal jealousies, differences of religious opinion, and love of abnormal individual power; instead of the part for the whole, and the knowledge of the great secret of Unity which must bind everything together? But Unity had to come. It was the people's destiny, as it must be the ultimate destiny of the world. And to this end Germany had to slowly shape herself from the first moment of her embryo spirit.

On January 1st 1871, William, King of Prussia, was saluted as Emperor of the entire German Empire. The present German Empire consists of twenty-six states, twenty-two of which are monarchical, three republican, and one, an imperial province.

An incident, which occurred at the time of the meeting of all the German princes, after the victory in France, when all the kingdoms of the German Bund had to write a proposal to lay before the Empire that the king of Germany should become universal Emperor, did much to upset Ludwig's failing equilibrium, and fill him with distrust of even his nearest friends. It was absolutely necessary to get Ludwig's signature attached to this proposal, and knowing his ec-

centric and unreliable ways, innumerable wiles and intrigues were used, Holstein, his most trusted friend being corrupted to step forward and deceive him. It was a political necessity to have both Ludwig's signature and letter, for Bismarck looked upon him as the one influential friend which Germany at that time possessed; a force, unconscious perhaps, in the political world. The whole scheme, which was deep laid, was arranged by Bismarck. The latter nevertheless always maintained that in all his numerous correspondence with Ludwig, he found him clear-headed, just and clever.

In 1870 Ludwig went to Oberammergau. He was deeply impressed by the beauty of the sacred performance and the devotion of the earnest peasants, and he presented them with the Calvary group, which stands, white and symbolic, above the little village, to prove his love and gratitude. It was not finished until 1875. The sculptor was Halbig. The inscription on it runs "To the artistic and excellent people of Oberammergau, by their King Ludwig, in memory of the Passion Play". Since then Ludwig has been consistently idealised by the artist-peasants up there, and many of them refuse to believe that he is dead even now. He assumed the aspect of a god to their easily awakened imaginations.

1868 is chiefly eventful for the division of the Church on the subject of the Pope's infallibility, and the excommunication of that mighty but gentle force, Doctor Döllinger. The King had a

great and lasting admiration for this remarkable and courageous ex-tutor of his, and encouraged him in this important step. In 1872 during a severe ministerial crisis, Ludwig began to show even more vascillation of mind than usual. He was rarely seen now and seemed to fear the glance of every eye and to distrust the hand of every friend. The last occasion upon which he held high festival in Munich, was in 1876, and in 1880 when Bavaria celebrated the centenary of the house of Wittelsbach, he used as an excuse for not appearing, the toothache and headache from which he now so continually suffered.

He made the same excuse when he refused to attend the celebration of the fifteenth centenary of the union of his own Palatinate with the Kingdom of Bavaria. But the truth was that he had gone to keep Wagner's birthday at his country seat. Dissatisfaction among the city people and in political and governmental circles was assuming stern and forbidding aspects. The kings dislike of his fellow beings, his refusal to attend court functions, his growing fear of being seen, were coming under severe criticism and censure. His passion for building, for complete isolation on his dark midnight journeys, rumors of furious outbursts of rage, and extravagant autocratic demands were breeding an ominous atmosphere around him. His fantastic and strange desires for the most notorious tastes and luxury were reaching beyond the realms of leniency. After holding a grand parade of the troops in Munich

in 1875 he was hardly ever seen, plunging himself more passionately than ever into his buildings; Linderhof, Neu-Schwanstein and the dream of a Bavarian Versailles on the island at Chiemsee, all began to assume definite form, and the special performances to take place in the Court Theatre in Munich. He ordered special plays to be written for himself on the subjects of Louis XIV. and XV., Marie Antoinette, de Maintenon, Du Barry, the Pompadour and other personalities of the periods which so obsessed him, by the court dramatist Carl von Hegel. The only personalities he now allowed near him were musicians and actors, but he seemed to prefer the theatric to musical art. Ludwig had a marvellous memory and could recite pages of his favorite authors; Racine, Schiller, Voltaire and Victor Hugo. When he so wished, his powers of conversation were remarkable, compelling and arresting, and one reads that he could influence to his own way of thinking the most biased politician!

Artists were invited to his castle weeks at a time and the now famous Austrian actor, Joseph Kainz was one of his great friends, visiting him often at Linderhof. Like so many temperaments of a self absorbed egotism and perverted nature, Ludwig could be both winning and exceptionally magnetic. There are innumerable stories of his kindness of heart and deeds of spontaneous generosity. And despite the draining extravagances of his castles, they certainly encouraged Bavarian

arts, manufactures and trade, as all the work that could be done in Munich was ordered from there. Nevertheless the kings extravagances were immense for Bavaria, and that, coupled with his now violently advancing mental tendencies which could no longer be hidden, brought the royal family, ministers and government, to the decision that his abdication and retention would be necessary, and the country be ruled by a Regent.

Ludwig's last days have filled many pages, and caused innumerable rumors. Many of the peasants to this day do not believe that he is dead, wear buttons on which his picture is painted, and worship with romantic sentimentality the strange king who occasionally drove so hurriedly through their midst in the night-time, sometimes with a galaxy of outriders, in his elaborate sleigh, sometimes alone, except for a groom. They looked on him as a much abused mortal, the victim of political machinations. When the final verdict came, with the news that the government was to be given over into more competent hands, they rose in resentment and when the medical attendance and a court commission were despatched to Hohenschwangau to break the news of his enforced abdication to Ludwig, and that his his uncle Prince Luitpold was to reign in his stead, he to be kept a virtual prisoner, on the grounds of insanity at Berg, the peasants surrounded the castle, took the court commission and doctors prisoner and lay in wait in the woods

and lanes to protect him should more violent measures be used. But of course both they and Ludwig were helpless. The peasants were quelled and he taken to Berg. The rest of the story is world's history. The wretched man immediately sought his death in the waters of the lake of Starnberg. He was drawn back at last to "the heart of the mystery whence he came" and the poor, restless brain and unsatisfied heart were at rest. The later pictures of Ludwig show a marked degeneration of the sombre, dark and flashing face. The brows and eyes in the earlier photographs were almost noble. The latter full of a certain predestined melancholy. The mouth and chin showing the frail inherent weakness; both being self-indulgent and vacillating. But in the last pictures taken of him, a coarse, gross, heavy, loose look manifested itself, a suggestion almost of cruel brutality. One hears that he presented a loathsome and almost ridiculous figure; becoming fat and bloated and in his apparel careless. His entrances into Munich were always heralded by swiftly riding torch-bearers, for he always came at night. In a few moments the sound of wildly galloping horses could be heard, dashing down the Leopold and Ludwig strasse's like the wind. The breakneck speed was never slackened even when the carriage came to the narrow entrance leading before the palace, into which the horses were turned with masterly dexterity. If one by chance caught a glimpse of his face, it was to see a pale, haunted countenance, with trem-

bling eyelids; the face of one endeavouring to flee from himself and all his terror-breeding thoughts. From the first he seemed conscious, "in the recesses of his soul, that an irrevocable hour was awaiting him, that he was crushed by a tyrannical doom, by a threatening prohibition", which he had not the character nor even the will, desire or principle to conquer. He was an imprisoned soul; more a victim, than a son, of fate. And now that distance has lent the perspective of gentle, beautiful and charity-colored mists, we see in his lonely, mournful, misguided and exceedingly sorrowful career, the picture of an ardent soul "bathed in the most ruined dreams" and wasted energies in which a hopelessly, perverted egotism can possibly lose itself.

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A chapter on Ludwig would be incomplete without mentioning the extraordinary castles which he built. Neuschwanstein, or the castle tower to Hohenstaufen, is probably one of the most magnificent castles in Europe, and certainly the finest that sprang from the brain of Ludwig II. His other two castles are obsessively French, and yet, not seemingly so much the direct outcome of the mood through which that nation had passed, as the unwholesome adoration of a man sick with morbid fancies. Neuschwanstein is absolutely German. The site on which it rises being one on which knightly families used to build

their strongholds (It is here we believe the Castle of Tannhäuser used to stand). In dark and distant times it was peopled by the Schwangau race, and four castles are said to have adorned the summit.

It is separated from the castle of Hohenstaufen by a deep valley. The marble and granite of which the present castle is composed comes from Füssen and Passau. The interior appointments are entirely German; the decorations mostly relating to incidents in the lives of Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Walther von der Vogelweide, Hans Sachs, Tristan and Isolde &c.; in fact to all the old legends, sagas and historical details which Ludwig so loved. Linderhof, in the depths of great mountains and vast forests, isolated, apart und grand, was always a much loved spot of Maximilian's and he used often to frequent the place for chamoix hunting. The quaint old wooden building with it's galleries and rare old tiled stoves, the "Linder", a typical peasants home, was Maximilian's hunting box; but this was demolished in 1872. On this spot, backed by the high peaks, Ludwig built his typical, French Rococo Chateau. It is completely an imitation, ablaze with rich, gaudy colours, gobelin tapestries, inlaid tables, statues, gilded and in marble, gold, lace, ivorylustres, stoves of lapis lazuli, carrara marble, Meissen bric-a-brac, and magnificent Sèvres vases. Despite it's undeniable treasures, it gives one a very distasteful impression of the frivolous tastes of Louis XIV. and XV. The gardens are laid out with all the ingenuity

of the highest achievement of landscape gardening; fountains, cascades, arbours, stiffly cut shaded avenues, flights of steps with trickling water and statues, everywhere in profusion. The exterior of the little castle is very beautiful, the interior consistently luxurious, uncomfortable, fantastic and immeasurably insane. Neither Linderhof nor Herrenchiemsee seem habitable, yet it is to the former place of extravagant richness that Ludwig used to fly, calling it his "retreat". Artists, musicians and painters being here his sole comrades. In the Blue Grotto (with its extremely artificial blue calcium, or electric lights), on the small, dark, oily-looking lake, he used to row with his friends, in a boat imitated from Lohengrin's swan. At one end of the lake (supposed to represent a curtained stage one imagines), and lit by foot-lights, is a painting of Venus and Tannhäuser. It is blatantly obvious, unsuggestive and shiny looking. In the garden stands the so-called Moorish Kiosk, the interior fantastically decorated in Turkish style. The Chapel in the grounds was also restored by Ludwig. Not far from Linderhof, in a deep ravine in the wood, is "Hunding's hut" the interior being a copy of the first act of Wagner's "Die Walküre". It used to be lighted by pine torches, and on the walls are axes, spears and trophies of the chase. In front of this hut is a small lake and on it a small canoe hollowed out of the trunk of a tree. The king used often to dine here, afterwards retiring to the "Hermitage"

which nestles under a huge rock, built of the bark and trunks of trees, containing only a simple bed, a bench and a Prie-Dieu. Farther on are the Marco castle and the Pavilion of St. Hubert. All along the roads from Linderhof to Hohenschwangau are numerous buildings giving proof that this was Ludwig's favorite spot. On this road he used to drive in an enormous golden sleigh, "à la Louis XV." on high runners and drawn by six powerful white horses; the corners of the sleigh were adorned with carved figures and the horses heads with costly plumes. Ludwig usually drove at night and it is little wonder that the superstitious peasants looked upon him, appearing suddenly in their midst and as swiftly disappearing, as a mysterious vision, magician or spirit!

The hall marks of Greek art, which so animated Ludwig I., are a noble simplicity and calm grandeur, and it is curious, that with his professed love of Greek art, Ludwig II. should have revelled so much in the following of the Rococo style. The one so austere, dwelling on perfect line with no unnecessary detail; the other so overloaded with superfluities, so vulgar and bizarre. The idealism of the former should have surmounted for good and all, the gaudy artificiality of the suggestively sensual French school. Bavaria had of course gone through a period of ridiculous subservience to everything French and it reached its height in this unwholesome sycophancy of Ludwig's. He seems to have been more truly

than aught else, a visible, tangible exemplification of the inner heart of the people of the Rococo period. All decadence reaches its climax in some outward form, some completing degenerate type. The Rococo is fundamentally and incontrovertibly corrupt, breeding such types as Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and influencing such unhappy mediums as Ludwig II.

The present King of Bavaria, Otto, Ludwig's brother, is still alive, kept in secluded watchfulness in the castle of Fürstenried. He was born in Munich in 1848, but has never been able to rule his kingdom, having much earlier revealed such distinct mental trouble that after his return from the Franco-Prussian war he was almost immediately forced to be kept in retreat. His madness had a painful effect on Ludwig, who had a deep affection for his brother. Their mother, Queen Marie Fredericka Auguste Hedwig, a royal Princess of the House of Prussia, resided mostly in Munich in the winter and in the summer at Elbigen-Alp near Hohenschwangau. She died in 1889.

Since the death of Ludwig, Bavaria has had a time of peace and continued prosperity. The Prince Regent, Luitpold Carl Joseph Wilhelm Ludwig, was born at Würzburg in 1821 and married in 1844 at Florence, Augusta Josepha, an Imperial Princess Arch-Duchess of Austria and Grand-Ducal Princess, of Tuscany. She died in 1864. Until his assumption of the Regency, Luitpold was Master General of the Ordnance in

the Bavarian army. When but fourteen he was made a Captain and when but eighteen a Colonel of the regiment now bearing his name (the 1st Artillery). The Prince Regent has four children; three sons and a daughter. The heir presumptive is Prince Ludwig, a General of Infantry, who is married to a Princess of the House of Este (Austrian). His second son, Prince Leopold, married the Princess Gisela, daughter of the Empress of Austria, and the third son, Prince Arnulf is married to a Princess of the reigning House of Lichtenstein. The third Bavarian heir-presumptive is Prince Rupprecht, eldest son of Prince Ludwig, and married to Duchess Gabriel, daughter of Karl Theodor, in 1900. He was born in 1869 and is a Lieutenant in the 3rd Bavarian Regiment of Artillery. Prince Luitpold is a veteran soldier, having fought in many battles; notably, in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He was the only one of Ludwig's sons to receive a military education and under him the army has again begun to assert an absorbing despotism.

1899 was the 100 anniversary of the Zweibrücken-Birkenfeld line.

Since the rule of the Prince Regent the splendid new National Museum has been built, the famous Prince Regenten-Theater, the Palace of Justice (which is considered the finest specimen of Late-Renaissance architecture in Europe) and the Army Museum at the end of the Hofgarten, only completed in the winter of 1905, and the New Rathaus. The Luitpold Bridge over the

Isar, the lovely Luitpold Terrace above the river, and the exquisite, delicately poised Peace Monument, were begun and finished since his regency.

This year of 1906 witnessed the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Bavaria as a Kingdom.

IV.

*“Art rests on a kind of religious sense and on a deep
steadfast earnestness; and on this account it unites so
readily with religion.”*

Goethe.

ETHICS, LITERATURE, ART, ARCHITECTURE AND RELIGION.

Perhaps the study of history teaches us one thing more clearly than aught else, the indubitable, absolute and, furthermore, necessary union of religion and morals with art. Great art is, after all, beneath many technical phrases, but a capturing of the mood spiritual. Art devoid of morals, of ethical values cannot live, is completely useless, nay more, one may dare say has hardly ever existed before the present times, if one may apply the word "art" to the immoral excuses expressed through some art mediums in these days. As far back as one can trace, art has been the manifestation of the religion which animated the nation and individual in its given period. The religion of the Greeks was Immortality; the immortality of the Soul and of Beauty, and they endeavoured with every fibre of their beings to defend that Beauty and "live the dream that was in them". The great art epics, which stormed, at first so crudely, through the hearts of the wanderers during the Migration periods, now unhappily lost to us, were the endeavours of their turbulent souls to express their worship for the "Elemental Gods". The art of

modern Europe, apart from its sculpture, is the result of the luminous teachings of a sad, lonely Gallilean, the Divine founder of the Christian Religion. The art which he inspired may not always have been, nor be, merely an exposition of his concrete teachings, but one can safely assert that little art would have been ours today without the story of his martyrdom on the horizon. His was the impetus which awoke the desire for the mystical places of prayer (temples, altars and images for other creeds had of course been erected in all lands long before this, but we are speaking chiefly of the lands above Italy), in which to be able the more fittingly to approach His Presence. For love of Him, ardent and devout souls illuminated the Gospels and early books of prayer. Pictures, monuments, architecture, poems, sacred and miracle plays, all, as it were, impelled by the dominance of His far-reaching power and the result of the deep, unchangeable, earnest and religious sense in man. As religion becomes universal, so vast that it escapes all definite creed or power of diminishing words, embracing all Love, Beauty, Concord, Spirituality and a consciousness of the soul's immortality, the Omnipresent God and the illimitable Godhead in man, so must art broaden, becoming ever more full of wonder and beauty, haloed by the luminous shadow of an "unseen power". And so, to garner into our vision, the epics, art, architecture and literature, and the great art natures which have glorified this one small kingdom, we must again go far, far

back and follow the religious atmospheres which have, through various periods, controlled her. We shall find that the ideal had to follow its star over many a winding road, beneath dark abysses, over rough tracks, gloomy ways, face many corruptions, oftentimes expressed through strange and incomprehensible mediums, "the artist being merely the path of the Creator to his work". Quietly, irresistibly, these two forces, Art and Religion, have gone their steady upward way with a train of martyrs, sages, mystics, "men of sorrow, and acquainted with grief", shadowed often with despair, and by a seemingly eternal and awful failure. Nevertheless an army that "never turned it's back, but marched breast forward" following it's undivided starlit way, despite the wars, plagues, conquests, influx of foes, political corruption, the base power of prelates and ignoble ecclesiastics. The waves of these latter evils may, and did, for a time shatter the borders of the developement of art. The fantastic French influence later, seemed to turn men's eyes from the path of wholesome courses; and the modern nervous artificiality and poverty-stricken desire to startle, seems to pervert and banish the true aim, purpose and object of this mighty force for joy, revelation and spirituality. Art for Art's sake (unless we include in those words Religion, in it's deepest, widest and most all embracing sense), is the most insufficient of all cries. Every sense within us, mystery, truth and wonder, all repeatedly affirm, if we would but listen, that art

must be for the sake of religion, inspiration and beauty. Otherwise it sinks no deeper than the eye's glance; awakens no faculty but the critical, and appeals to no depth but the egotism of the senses.

* * *

The loss of the poems, legends and folk-songs, which Charlemagne had collected and which his narrow son, Ludwig the Pious, had burned as heathen monstrosities, was an irreparable loss. A few of the native German traditions, however, had not all been destroyed, but those fanatically inclined endeavoured also to suppress them. But we know that they must have been full of vivid pictures of the stir and strife of the times, and were sung and recited in the banqueting halls of the Germanic kings; the composers and singers being men of noble birth who had personally taken part in the events of which they sang. Christianity had made its first entrance and potent mark very early into Bavaria, completely transforming the people and country, bringing in an entirely new element and attitude, and cultivating in the rough people an upward tendency, and striving to express their manifold yearnings in an adequate outward form. In 472 Saint Severinus met everywhere on his journey through Noricum, Christian churches and missionaries. A hundred years before the gospels had been widely spread through the splendour of such brains as Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Bishop

Ulfilas the Visgoth (d. 381). (It was the latter who translated the Gospels into old Gothic and the selfsame work, a labour both of religious adoration and impelled by the springs of art, is still to be seen in the library at Upsala. It was done in silver letters on a purple ground.) In Bavaria proper the Irish missionaries were the first definite preachers of the Gospels, and their earliest manuscripts are to be found there, and not in their own country, as one might suppose. During the 6th and 7th centuries they were moved by a perfect ecstasy for missionary work and crossed from Ireland in little wicker canoes covered with hides, which they paddled, to England, France and Germany. Thus did Celt return to Celt, and the present enormous and inconceivably momentous Celtic Renaissance in Ireland and Scotland, for the resuscitating of their ancient speech, their folk-lore, old sense of mystery and wonder, which so animated them, their quaint and sweet beliefs, their profound genius for poetry, their passion for religion, their inherent comprehension of, and power for art, must appear of redoubled interest to us.

For there is much in common between the true, simple Celtic Bavarian and the Irish.

It was about this time that Saint Kilian (the Scotch monk), Colman and Totnan came to Würzburg, were the former was martyred, in 613.

Saint Gallen also came from Ireland (founding the monastery named after him), and later Magnus, who introduced Christianity into Kempten

and Füssen. But like all luminous things, the way was long, and although the Christian religion had taken indestructable root, it did not immediately infuse itself and come vividly to light, at one time seeming like to perish and flicker out like a wind-blown candle, both for lack of followers and the insincerity and hypocrisy on the part of the so-called Bishops. But into this world of spiritual decadence came that ever to be remembered, sweet, earnest and abnegating soul, the Devonshire monk, Saint Boniface (or Winifred, the Good Doer). After his advent into Bavaria, he sent to England and Ireland for more helpers and missionaries. Many answered his call and immediately he began everywhere to found schools and build monasteries. The monks, under his guidance and inspiration, tilled the ground, drained the marshes, planted fruit trees and corn, and carried on various kinds of trades. Those whom they converted settled in cottages around the base of the hills whereon stood their monasteries, and these settlements grew and thrived until at last they developed into villages, towns and later into the great cities. In 735 Saint Boniface founded the order of Bishops in Bavaria and made more firm and complete the bond between the new German and Frankish churches and the Church of Rome. He was called "the Apostle of the Germans". In 732 he founded in Bavaria the Bishoprics of Freising, Passau, Regensburg, Eichstadt, Würzburg and Erfurt. When he was seventy-four years old he

went to preach the gospels to the heathen Frisians, by whom he was murdered in 755, but not before he had awakened with vigorous strokes the sleeping germs of Christianity and set in motion that definite movement towards the civilizing and educating of the rude people among whom he sacrificed his life. Before this, in the year 600, Bishop Ruprecht (who had been driven out of Worms), went with St. Emmerau to Regensburg. They had been called there by the ruling duke of Bavaria, Theodo, who had been converted to Christianity by his wife Regintrude. He earnestly desired the gospels to be more widely spread in his small domain, and so later Ruprecht was sent to Juvavum (Salzburg), which had formerly been a Roman military station, with a determination to make it his head quarters for the furtherance of the Gospels. From that time on Salzburg played an important part in the history of Bavaria. Other prominent propagators of the gospels in Bavaria were Corbinian and Willibald of Eichstadt. Hand in hand with the absorbing of the Christian religion, took root and blossomed out the first seeds of the present national art and culture. Monasteries were built in all parts of the kingdom for the preservation of the new creed. The monks and Bishops especially cultivating the handicrafts, architecture and the illuminating of the sacred books. For a long time they were the only strivers after the beautiful in both buildings and handiwork. The most famous early monasteries in Bavaria were St. Em-

merau, Wellenburg, Weihestephan (near Freising), Herrenchiemsee, Tegernsee and Wessobrünn.

The Benedictine monastery was founded as early as the seventh century.

"All that Europe knows or possesses of art and knowledge," wrote the famous Dr. Döllinger, the Bavarian theologian, many centuries later, "she owes to St. Benedictine and the cloisters which he founded and which sprang from his incentive and inspiring genius. One thousand two hundred years have gone by since he trod this earth, pioneering weary souls and those possessed of deep philanthropic ideals, to his haven of rest and work combined. Those havens were one could both meditate and yet be of practical service and use. The wisdom of this rule with its happy combination of action and contemplative life remain to this day, and from his cloisters have sprung the works which have regenerated the world."

In 748—788 was found, in the monastery at Wessobrünn, near Weilheim, a very ancient prayer in the old poetic form, which even then was on the wane. It was called the "Wessobrünn Prayer" and is still to be seen in the Royal State Library at Munich. At Regensburg also was found another very ancient poem called "Muspilli", treating of the end of the world and the judgment day. It, too, is supposed to have been written in Bavaria. Many of the first works of literature, poetry, painting &c., came from Bavarian monasteries. The first glass painting ever

done in Germany was started at Tegernsee (962), and from thence spread over the entire country.

The poetry of the period had been, both in form, subject matter and text, Latin, but now they turned to their own traditions for inspiration, although Latin was still the tongue written in. The forerunners of these new poems were the *Nibelungen Sagen*, later translated by Bishop Pilgrim of Passau. The *Ruodlieb* of Helden poetry was also in Latin, written by Monk Froumond of the Tegernsee monastery (1000). In St. Gallen, at the beginning of the eleventh century, the Psalms were translated and also the book of Job, printed in both Latin and German. About the middle of the same century Williram of Ebersburg in Upper Bavaria, formerly a teacher in Bamberg, introduced and translated hymns, and at the same time Ezzo of Bamberg wrote the song or poem of the Miracles of Christ, a typical early German poem. After this Bishop Günther went on a long pilgrimage to Palestine and soon after began the great era of the Crusades. We have drifted a little too far ahead and must return again to the era of Charlemagne (768—814), under whose progressive influence Bavaria developed farther and farther on the highways of art and culture, realizing too in her deeper conscience with the other Germanic lands, that they must be more and more solded together, and that it would be of infinite benefit to their temporal and worldly good to allow this spiritual power to be the means of putting an end to the con-

stant bickerings and fightings and combine them into one compact nation. But it was a long delayed dream! — From the death of Charlemagne, to the succession of the Wittelsbachs, Bavaria passed through innumerable vicissitudes, retardations and difficulties. But she was, as we have seen, growing with every year, more powerful and prominent. All her towns were on the great trading roads between Italy and the heart of Germany. Consequently she was ever in receptive touch with the outside world, receiving new impressions of art, sculpture, beauty, and advancing in the progression of trade. Enormous wealth was floating towards her. Her commerce and art increased with astonishing rapidity. Her dukes, bishops and merchants were noted for their independence, power, wealth and magnificence. And although her days were of necessity full of both great and small combats, the flowers of a world famous period of art were lifting their irrepressible heads. The beginnings of beautiful and lasting examples of architecture were manifesting themselves in both monastery, castles, cathedrals, churches and private dwellings. Charlemagne had himself encouraged the renewing of classical literature, the writing of poetry, and had brought musicians, builders, architects and singers from Italy. The Christian Church, under the power with which he had invested it, was becoming almost the greatest power in the land, both politically and scholastically, although it had almost completely escaped from it's original purpose and

meaning, by the worldly personalities of the Archbishops and other ecclesiastics. Nevertheless the monasteries were the chief seats of learning, and many brilliant women who were in convents, or ruling them as abbesses, were earnest students and produced many valuable literary works. The first play ever written in the history of modern Europe was the work of a nun. A typical poem of this period was one written by a Saxon monk by order of Ludwig the Pious, then ruling Bavaria, on religious and national subjects. It was called "Heljand or the Redeemer", and was an endeavour on the part of the king to open the ears of his subjects to the true meaning of Christianity. It was commenced about 830.

In 942 the cathedral of Speir was founded by Duke Henry II. and between 1103 and 1120 the cathedral at Bamberg by King Henry the Saint. In the Royal State Library at Munich are to be seen the most rare, beautiful and valuable manuscripts used by Henry II. at his cathedral.

That the ecclesiastical prelates were well versed in all the technicalities, as well as the ambitions for artistic progress, is potently manifest when we read that for the completion of his cathedral at Speier, Henry IV. sent "for the famous architect, Bishop Otto of Bamberg, to overlook and finish the work".

Between the rule of Otto of Wittelsbach and Ludwig the Bavarian, the intense artistic progression made, was little short of bewildering. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were alive with

a growing independence and a deepening desire for individual expression in poetry, painting, and stone. The above two mentioned cathedrals and the one at Regensburg, founded in the thirteenth century, are masterpieces of early German architecture. The first two are in Romanesque, the latter in Gothic, style. The dominance of the clerical party of course coloured all the literature of the period. In feelings and life they were anything but clerical, being strongly flavoured with national, more than universal, ambitions. The real and sensuous world attracted them and their pens infinitely more than the spiritual, abstract and ideal. They were all men of warfare, keen on politics, and possessed of an inordinate love of power, adulation, position, and love for worldly goods.

They followed most consistently the dictates of those churchmen who, "would fain kill their church, as the churches had killed their Christ". Consequently the literature of the tenth and eleventh centuries was entirely realistic, often mundane, and very sensual. The first novel of modern European literature was written by an unknown Bavarian monk in the monastery at Tegernsee in 1030. The work gives one a very vivid picture of the atmosphere of life in Bavaria during the first half of the eleventh century, proving it to be sadly sensual, narrow and prejudiced.

And now we come to the age of Romance. All the above was changed to a great extent by the daring strokes of Frederic Barbarossa and

the deep pure ideals of the knights of the Crusades. Chivalric culture took the place of clerical learning. The above named Emperor had an incalculable influence on his epoch by his remarkable independence of thought. He was the first broad minded free-thinker of modern times, and broke through many a granite wall of prejudice, setting in movement the great resistance against the all absorbing power of the Romish Church.

The whole atmosphere was changed too by the oversweeping ambitions of the Crusades. This movement reawakened the enthusiasm for the old heroes, lighted many a phlegmatic heart and again the Gods were celebrated in song, epics and saga. But they were thoroughly altered from the Migration period, being completely Christianized. The ancient, fierce, strong, barbaric rovers were turned into chivalrous knights, although at times the old spirit of the contemporaries of Attila, king of the Huns, and Theodoric, at times creeps forth. This period was not only characterized by the resuscitation of the old Helden-Sagen, but by the birth of the Minnesingers. These knights established innumerable manners and customs of morals and noble ideas, not the least impetus coming from distant Provençe, that home of song and ideal knighthood, thus introducing French court epics and the Provençal troubadours into Bavaria.

These troubadours were knights and gentlemen of Provençe who composed their own songs and wandered over the country giving expression to

them. The word comes from "trouver", to find, meaning the "discoverers". The Germans, especially in Bavaria, quickly assimilated and followed their example, their poets calling themselves "Minnesingers" or "Love-Singers". At first they borrowed a good deal from the French, but later they "turned the lamp inward upon themselves" and composed heroic poems from the old German legends. Is there any country so throbbing with Romance as Bavaria? One portion of its history is ablaze with Sagen, legend and mystic atmosphere. Tall mountain peaks, exquisite undulating valleys, rivers, caves, castles, monasteries, gateways, fortresses, all were fraught with a pregnant call to dream; an aroma of old-world fable, haunted by mimes, fairies, gnomes and goblins. During the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the travels of the Bavarian knights inundated the land with tales of strange and wonderful adventure. The Welf and Thuringian Dukes were all ardent patrons of Art, and their courts the homes for Minnesingers and Troubadours. The chronicles of the Welfs and Babenbergers especially are characterized by their love and cultivation of chivalry and knightly heroism. Welf VI., the husband of the brave Countess Ida, was famous for his protection of players. At the court of Henry the Proud, the court pastor Conrad composed at the request of the Duchess a poem which he recited in French, Latin and German, describing the deeds of Charlemagne. This poem was called the "Rolandslied", and belongs to that great

cycle of which the Nibelungen Lied is a part. In the time of Henry the Lion, Wirrnherr, a monk of Tegernsee, wrote the life of Mary, in verse and prose.

Between 1221 and 1228 Conrad of Würzburg wrote "The World's Reward, or the Golden Forge" which reveals an earnest spirituality. Hugo von Trimberger, a Bamberg schoolmaster, also a poet of the thirteenth century, wrote a didactic poem entitled "Der Renner".

In 1386 at Heidelberg, the early home of the Wittelsbachs, the University was founded. All over Bavaria the spirit of Romance, poetry, song and short story, ran a riotous way, and the most important movement of modern literature was founded. The peasants, merchants and artisans began slowly to realize their rights and to take their place beside the clergy and knight in public and artistic life. The famous cycle, Frisian, Burgundian, Anglo-Saxon and Lombard, out of which sprang the Nibelungen Lied, is too well known here to analyze. The Walthuri Saga is preserved to us in Latin by the monk Ekkehard of St. Gallen (930).

The Nibelungen (of the Burgundian cycle or Kreise) was gathered in and first written by two unknown Austrian poets about 1136, also the Kudrun Lied. In the fourteenth century, Bishop Pilgrim of Passau, gathered into one volume all that he could find of these sagas. The collection of these ballads, called the "Nibelungen Lied and Chriemhildes Revenge" and "The Lament" were

translated into German, first by Karl Simrock, from a Swiss poetical version by Professor Bodmer, about 1575. Bavaria at this time was rich with the presence of two luminous characters, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Walther von der Vogelweide. The latter was the first whole-souled patriot of German literature; he brought the lyrics of the middle ages to their greatest eminence and perfection. He lived for a long time at Würzburg and his monument is to be seen there in the Kreuzgang of the Neue Münster. Wolfram von Eschenbach was also a noble and gallant knight, his whole life dedicated to an exalted love, living on his small property in the little town of Ansbach in Eschenbach. It is now the capital of central Franconia. He was the greatest epic poet of the middle ages, belonging to that small circle of poets and troubadours who, in the last years of the twelfth, and first years of the thirteenth century, assembled at the court of the Landgraf Herrmann of Thuringia, and made a brilliant centre, similar to that formed six hundred years later by the prince of the same Duchy, when the greatest poets of the eighteenth century marked a new era in European culture and progression. He wrote a series or cycle of poems entitled, "Titurel and Parsival", in which also Lohengrin is mentioned. It is to him that we owe our most intimate knowledge of Parsifal. Lohengrin also springs out of Bavarian folk-lore, and Tannhäuser was a Bavarian knight who led a wild and roving life, dying

about 1270. The castle of Neuschwanstein* being built on the site of the ancient castle of Tannhäuser.

The greatest historian of the Middle Ages was Bishop Otto of Freising, the son of Leopold, Margrave of Austria, a grandson of Henry VI. and a cousin of Frederick Barbarossa. He was the latter's biographer. The Crusades, apart from the new refinements they introduced, proved invaluable in the broadening of the mental capacities. For the long journeys and wanderings through many lands quickened all the senses by new sights and sounds, exciting an interest in geography, history, the natural sciences and introducing the travellers, to many unknown products, such as sugar, spices, silk, dyes &c. With the fall of the great Hohenstaufen dynasty (1268) began the decline of national unity and the dissolution of clerical supremacy. The advanced minds of the day were beginning to fall away from the belief of the complete infallibility of the Pope. Ecclesiasticism was proving itself a spiritual and national failure. In deep souls it was being realized that this obsessive external power had little to do with internal truth. Dante, the supreme forerunner of humanism, was raising his clarion, withal desolate, cry.

The great transition period between medieval and modern times was in motion, and all art was profoundly affected. It must not be forgotten that during all these troublous times the Dukes

* Or Hohenschwangau. It is not quite possible to ascertain!

of Bavaria were founding innumerable universities, and building the cathedrals which have so grown to be her pride and glory today, and in the forthcoming sixteenth century they did an infinite deal to save the religious reformation from being buried in a party hatred and fanaticism. The history of Bavaria from the tenth to the eleventh centuries, is one of a struggle for emancipation. All her more important cities were Free Imperial cities, and this political independence, while it certainly did eventually have much to do with the dissolution of the national unity and the religious horrors which followed, nevertheless gave birth to that great wave of art which dominated so majestically the future. For the settlements of artisans employed by the bishops, and living around the bishop's palaces, had in the course of time changed into independent communities of free citizens, making and executing their own laws, electing their own magistrates, ranking with the princes and barons as important props and impellers of the kingdom. The literature in its inevitable alteration may at first seem disappointing, the heroic grandeur of the national epic, the grace and dignity of the court romances, becoming things of the past. But slowly their place was taken by a deeper thought and a higher common sense, and though no great poet stands out luminously to light the way in the fore-going era, the way was being paved for a Luther, a Dürer, Melanchthon, Lessing, Kant, Goethe, Schiller and down and onwards into the

oncoming centuries to all the great writers of poetry, science and philosophy in modern times. The germ of what we now know as individuality had its seed in this period. For the first time popular criticism lifted up its head and attacked the existing order of things and all the evils and abuses they entailed. The first remarkable manifestation of this new spirit was to be found in the religious oratory which was brought about chiefly by the two great preaching orders, the Franciscans and Dominicans. With their entrance into Bavaria a marked and beneficial change began to manifest itself. Free speech began to feel the power of its soaring and compelling wings; expression among the people began to assert its needs. It was chiefly from these two above named orders that the innumerable travelling preachers sprang. They went about from town to town speaking on whatever subject or text they chose, and on any day, whereas before the sermons were only preached on Sundays and Holy days, and then under the greatest restrictions and strictest supervision. But now all was changed.

They used any place most convenient for their sermons; either the public square, before the city gates, from the steeples, or the trees. The most influential speaker of this period was Bertold of Regensburg, the greatest orator of his century and a pupil of the also famous preacher David of Augsburg. They were the virtual founders of that potential wave of 14th century mysticism. The Dominican Bishop of Regensburg and Al-

bertus Magnus were also two of most the learned, cultivated men of their century and did much to improve the condition of freedom for the people, in both art and life. Of great import at this time was the building of the first paper factory (1320) and also the building and working of the first mill by water power at Nuremberg (1390).

The artistic soil of Bavaria was so rich in the 14th and 15th centuries, her individual towns so amazingly productive, her gift to the entire world of great and artistic souls so resplendent, that one can but barely touch on their most important names and works. The cities, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Rothenburg and Würzburg will have to be treated separately. Each one of these grew in beauty and wonder. The spirit for beautifying, for following all the arts and crafts was not limited to the luminous names of which we so well know, but seemingly to all the citizens. The atmosphere was impregnated with the desire to beautify. As in America today the spirit is one of rush, hurry and the desire to get on, and make money, so, then was it the desire to create lasting and exquisite works of art, not only in ornaments, pictures and statues, but in streets, houses, bridges, door-lintels and courts. In 1450 Ludwig the Severe founded the University at Ingolstadt and to this period belongs the great mathematician, Johann Müller, who went from Königsberg to Nuremberg; also Johann Reuchlin, Conrad Celtis, Martin Behaim and the learned philologist, Rudolf Agricola.

The architectural evolution had of course during all this time been gradually advancing and growing under every fresh impetus and influx of new and foreign ideas. The slow, fascinating and at first almost imperceptible and most delicate changes, creeping in to decorate more suggestively the mouldings on walls, the tracery on windows, the choir, doors, nave and towers, gradually transforming all to a marvellous internal harmony and external beauty. The art style which had existed in Bavaria from the 10th to the 13th centuries was entirely Romanesque, which latter was a developement from the Roman Basilica of distant early-Christian days. The most typical examples to be seen being the cathedrals at Ratisbon, Speier, and the finest of all at Bamberg.

About the middle of the 13th century the style generally known as Gothic manifested itself, in cathedral, city and conventual churches. It was partly an independent and original growth and partly receptive to a wave of architectural influence from France. The churches of Nuremberg and Rothenburg, the Frauenkirche in Munich and the St. Martinskirche at Landshut being luminous exemplifications of these majestic edifices.

Technical skill was making miraculous advance in sculpture, painting and architecture during the 15th century, achieving, from the splendid foundations of the school, invaluable knowledge from which to work up, onwards and outwards. Painting, wood-carving and sculpture finding the richest of soil and mediums of incontestable genius

in Bavaria; Nuremberg and Augsburg being the most important radiating centres in all Germany for art works of every sort. Würzburg too was not far behind in her presentations of master-pieces at this time. Wood carving was prominently brought to the fore by the works of Veit Stoss in Nuremberg; painting, by such world famous artists as Wohlgemüth (1435—1519), Dürer (1571 to 1628 and his little group of famous followers), Hans Schäuffelein, Sebald and Barthel Beham, Albert Altdörfer, Hans Baldung Grien, and Christopher Amberger and the prolific Tilman Riemenschneider of Würzburg, the celebrated landscape painter of that city; sculpture and bronze work by Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer.

Still another influence manifested itself toward the end of the 15th century, which grew out in ever widening blossoms till it reached an incalculably glorious maturity in the splendid "German Renaissance". In the early part of this century, and probably earlier, the artisans and artists of Bavaria had begun to visit Italy and were in consequence much influenced by the difference and variety of art styles there prevalent. The 16th century is very strongly flavoured with the influences of this warm, glowing, colorful land; which began to guide the chisel as well as the brush to the introducing of the characteristic ornamentation of the Italian architecture. All over Bavaria, in too numerous examples to mention, the German Renaissance, laid its magic touch, not only in new buildings but in re-touching the

old ones. The Függer Bath Rooms in Augsburg and the St. Michaels Kirche in Munich are, one might say, absolutely Italian Renaissance, so dominant had been the power of southern thought on the South German temperament. In every town and minute parish the new spirit entered, Nuremberg, Rothenburg and Augsburg leaping with their usual ardent receptivity to the front ranks of the most perfect examples of German Renaissance towns.

It was Albrecht the Wise of Munich who founded the Frauenkirche, St. Salvator's (now the Greek Church) and also the Royal State Library. Between 1508—1550 Johann Turmair appeared in Ingolstadt. Adam Krafft, Peter Vischer, Willibald, Pirckheimer, Hans Sachs and Dürer were but a few of the names which glorified Nuremberg. In Augsburg Conrad Peutinger and Holbein were crowning their names with greatness. Painting, sculpture, iron, bronze and copper works, and all the creations of "those mediaeval architects whose lives were a prayer in marble", exquisite silver and goldsmith's work, fresco-painting, sarcophagi, carving, &c. all reached a height where criticism stands dumb. The illuminated books of the period were gems of patient, perfect art and coloring. A very good example of the last named is the Tournament Book of Wilhelm IV. to be seen in the Royal State Library at Munich. Albrecht V. was a great lover of art and also an ambitious collector, he started the collection of Wittelsbach treasures now in the Reiche Kapelle and encouraged

the genius and talent of such men as Orlando de Lasso (the founder, one may say, of German music), Philip Apain, Migulas Hund and Hans Mielich, the painter. He also decorated the Chateau of Trausnitz which had been built by Duke Ludwig. Another interesting book to be seen in the Royal State Library is the prayer-book of this same Albrecht, beautifully illuminated and containing psalms written for his orchestra by Orlando de Lasso. He also founded at this time the Gymnasium in Munich. And so the great tide of art in all breasts swept on its way, receiving a tremendous religious impetus and inspiration from the Reformation which was ablaze in most hearts and guiding their genius. Luther's spirit was abroad in all men, urging them to faith and freedom.

William V. began the St. Michaelskirche and founded the University at Würzburg.

Maximilian I., the great Elector, built the Reiche Kapelle for the reception of Albrecht the Wise's collection. He personally, apart from his warrior-like propensities, was a fine, delicate artist, carving in ivory, beautiful Chinese vases and candelabra, still to be seen in Munich. He was also an ardent admirer of his incomparable countryman, Albrecht Dürer, and secured many of his finest works. Peter Candid also glorified Bavaria at this time. The mediaeval cycle was running its inspiring course when suddenly, imperceptibly, the tide began to change, and a new phase entered, a new spirit moved on the face of the artistic waters. The

surface of Bavarian art slowly began to change its colors, forms, ideals and dreams.

A strange and tragic spectacle was manifested toward the end of the sixteenth century. At the beginning, Bavaria had shown not only the highest intellectual promise, but the most extraordinary prolixity in artists and art. The long pent up revolt against class rule, which reached its highest climax before the Reformation and its second before the Revolution, was impelling all men to break forth and speak their word, through poem, book, picture, or statue, with elemental power. Great men were everywhere standing up for great causes. All were republicans at heart. Holbein, Dürer, Melanchthon, Candid, Vischer, &c. were hand in hand spiritually with Erasmus, Copernicus, Hutten and Luther. The entire world was swayed by the deepest feelings. Art was the medium, combined with the true religious sense, that sense of universality against restrictive formalities, to express, reveal, break down and rebuild. The way was being prepared by them for a new and higher form of national life, for a more suggestive art, and a more glorious religion. But suddenly, tragically, the "Golden Age" seemingly so near at hand, was swept off its feet, the door already opened brutally and inexorably shut, and the liberty so dearly bought hurried away into a cruel vortex, and for the time being hopelessly lost in the terrible contest between Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Reformed.

The war of the churches leads to the most

awful of all destructions. To argue over religion is to murder religion. To fight over it is the most arrant of blasphemies and incomprehensible of inconsistencies.

And so Bavaria drifted with the rest of Germany towards the abyss of the Thirty Years War.

Its disastrous effect upon art was incalculable. From 1618 to 1641 Bavaria and all her cities were in the clutches of this long, weary, devastating fight. Her towns were almost ruined: her trade was lost: her castles, monasteries and churches were ransacked, burned, torn and shattered to mounds of lost glory. First by Catholic and then by the Protestant Swedes. She sank into a hopeless mire of mental and spiritual degradation. Being the head of the Catholic League she was the chief recipient for all the hate which that party engendered. Notwithstanding the "Pacification of Passau", the Diet at Augsburg, and the "Confession" drawn up by Melancthon, peace seemed an inanimate thing. Beauty, and all desire for it, to have vanished.

The men of the period were mostly brutalised by the hate animating every party. The land was so torn up, the mere difficulty of living so great that art was a lamp extinguished: a wandering, disembodied soul.

When at last peace did come the spirit of the nation had undergone a complete change. France was very highly cultivated, withal in a rather superficial manner, inclined to the external and the frivolous. But the few left in Bavaria, who still

had some desire for a return of delicacy and beauty, turned their eyes to her for inspiration. Gradually the inevitable and overmastering desire for art returned and France became the lodstar, pattern and model, and Louis XIV. the idol by whom all must live. The new element was first definitely introduced by the wife of Elector Ferdinand Marie, Henrietta Adelaide of Savoy. She came from the land of "rococo" and soon after her marriage asked her husband to build her a palace after the one at Versailles. And so Nymphenburg was built. This new style, a mixture of both French and Italian Baroque, caught hold of every heart. Every petty prince, duke, count and bishop wanted his miniature Versailles and the results were some very beautiful and some very ridiculous exemplifications of this style, so full of „pomp and weakness". It was a reaction, not only against the awful horrors of the wars, but against the severity, soberness and a certain stiffness prevalent in mediaeval times. The rococo was light, full of a "fantastic foppery", a quaint lightness, a courtly flippant grace. It was pregnant too with a certain element of unreality, which spirit also potently invaded the literature, painting and manners of the period. It was dainty on the surface, but beneath sickly and unwholesome, devoid of fibre and backbone, of soul, lasting strength or suggestiveness.

But it came as a relief to the worn out nation. Everywhere in Bavaria repairs now went on in churches, castles, palaces, rath-houses and all

public buildings. It developed a splendid, extravagant, artificial and luxurious spirit. Churches were redeccorated in the new style and many new ones built. The bishop of Würzburg built himself a typical palace of the times. It contained two-hundred and eighty four rooms, one completely lined with mirrors and another devoted to a merry-go-round for the amusement of the prelates. His Eminence having for himself a little plush embroidered car. Perhaps every nation, even almost every individual, goes through a rococo period, if only in thought, as all pass through a Greek period. It is a pity that the latter cannot always dominate:

The word "rococo" comes from "roche" and "coquille", meaning "rock" and "shell". The ornamental work in the architecture of the time emulating a combination of shell and rock. The costumes had changed from the sobriety and severe richness of the mediaeval burghers, merchants, artisans and dames, to dainty silks, lace ruffles, paint, powder, patches and white wigs.

Nevertheless to this period of frivolity do we owe the first absolute birth of modern music. Against this new dresden-china like phase a strong revulsion had to come. For Bavarians at heart are in deep and serious earnest, possessing "in their literary and artistic natures not only a love of exact knowledge, but also a love of vast horizons, an insatiable curiosity as to the "whence" and "whither" of all things: the sense of mystery and the immensity of the universe."

From the same land whence had sprung the flippancy atmosphere of rococoism came another impelling voice ; the voice of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The adoration of French superficiality began to fade. Outward pomp, the inner hypocrisy of the churches and all absorbing militarism rose and fell and rose again. But brains of enormous depth and genius manifested themselves. Lessing, Kant, Schlegel, Winckelmann, Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Hegel, Herder and the Bavarian Richter all swelled the onward-moving throng. It was a period of storm and stress indeed, and Bavaria marched with the foremost into the light. Change, growth, developement and the violent assertions of individualism were all at work in her artistic soul. She was clamoring for a more complete form of expression. The Seven Years War from 1756—1763 again plunged her into another period of retardation, but from this she was soon resuscitated.

Her fight was a hard one, for during the entire struggle for the independence and freedom of Germany, Bavaria was again constantly the scene of battles, marching armies, and in the possession of the French. This accounts for the French atmosphere which for so long influenced her. — From the time of her ascendancy to the rank of a Kingdom she has steadily developed toward, not only a calm and onward-moving prosperity, but artistically has again come to the front rank of European nations.

Her capital has become a centre for the cultivation of painting, music, literature and sciences,

her cities famous for their beauty of architecture and the preservation of ancient atmospheres.

In 1808 the Academy of Fine Arts was founded, and Fraunhofer, the celebrated optician, Reichenbach, Liebig (the famous Chemist, whose statue is in the Maximilian Platz), Utzenschneider, Westenrieder, Franz von Baader, Sailer and Schlegel, all added their vast knowledge to the development of Bavarian culture. Her Residence Theatre (built during the reign of Ferdinand Marie, in the Rococo style by François Cuvilles), the Hof Theatre (built under Maximilian I. and rebuilt after a severe fire in 1825 by Klenze), and the beautiful Prince-Regenten (built under the auspices of the present Prince-Regent), all tend to sustain at the highest standard the great operas and music of the world.

In painting, Bavaria has been the chief pioneer and medium for another changing movement. The three most striking personalities in this important revival being Cornelius, Marx and Kaulbach, whose names will be well known to all students of Munich art.

Kaulbach's works are monumental and will be handed on to future generations as the highest product of the Renaissance of the arts in modern Germany; that great wave which resuscitated the slumbering genius of painting in the art-souls of Europe, and to which we owe so infinitely much.

Whatever our personal opinion of Kaulbach's work may be, we cannot but help realising that

he was one of the most necessary leaders of modern art in Germany, as were Maddox Brown, Burne Jones and Rossetti of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England.

Kaulbach helped Cornelius with the enormous frescoes of the Glyptothek. Later he was made director of the Bavarian Academy, when Cornelius left. The present director is Karl Mahr.

The above mentioned movement in which Kaulbach played such an important part was one of the most singular of art manifestations. He had, like all great art-souls, absorbed freely from other lands and schools, and tried hard to be both Grecian and Italian, but the blood of Holbein, Dürer, and Martin Schongauer ran too strongly in his artistic veins, and he remained at root essentially South-German.

The most important of his works are to be seen in the Hofgarten Arcade and on the walls of the New Pinakothek. He illustrated a Shakespeare Gallery, and a Goethe folio-edition of the Gospels. His most remarkable works are probably "The Destruction of Jerusalem", "The Tower of Babel", "The Age of Homer", "The Crusades and The Reformation" (symbolising a Cyclus or Series), "The sea Fight at Salamis" (painted for the Maximilianeum) and "The Battle of the Huns".

All art students are familiar with the names of Lenbach, Stuck, Rottmann, Feuerbach and Böcklin, all of whose works can be seen in Munich either at the New Pinakothek or the Schack Gallery.

That Bavaria will still continue to uphold and excell in her artistic greatness is well assured. The world's greatest singers, conductors, virtuosi and actors, all come to this meeting place of the arts; the orchestral concerts are hardly to be equalled in any other city in the world. Classical, romantic and the modern psychological dramas are all remarkably produced. The Royal House of Wittelsbach still keep up with ardent enthusiasm their long famous reputation as patrons of art and music. The Prince-Regent is deeply beloved for his philanthropic encouragement of all artistic and charitable institutions, and for the continual help he extends to individual and struggling genius. The brilliant yearly Wagner Festival held in the Opera House named after him holds almost as important a place in artistic and musical annals as that of Bayreuth, and has added still more to the charms and fascinations of Munich, which has become one of the most delightful of all modern cities to sojourn in, exerting in its way as much, if not more than Paris, a permanent and controlling affection.

V.

Admit that the people of the Middle Ages were ill-lodged, that the houses were ill-built, undrained, with the gutter water splashing the threshold, and the eaves of the opposite houses so near that the sun could not penetrate into the street. All this may have been so, but around two-thirds of the town were gardens and fields, the neighbouring streets were full of painted shrines, metal lamps, gargoyles, pinnacles, balconies of hand forged iron or hand carved stone, solid doors, bronzed gates, richly colored frescoes, and the eyes and the heart of the dwellers in them had the wherewithall to feed on pleasures, not to speak of the constant stream of many colored costumes, and of varied pageant procession which was forever passing thro' them. Then in niches there were beautiful carved bridges, and there were towers, spires, crenulated walls and the sculptured fronts of houses, churches and monasteries. And close at hand was the freshness and greenness of wood and meadow, the freshness of the unsullied country. Think only what that meant! no miles on miles of dreary suburban waste to travel, no pert, aggressive modern villas to make day hateful, no underground railway stations or subways; no hissing steam, no grinding and shrieking cable trains; no hell factory smoke, and jerry builders lath and plaster, no glaring geometrical flower-beds. But the natural country running like a happy child laden with flowers right up to the walls of the town."

Ouida.

BAVARIA'S CHIEF CITIES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

The most dominant characteristic which impresses itself on the traveller in Bavaria, is the intense spirit of devotion which immediately manifests itself as one leaves Prussia, Baden and Württemberg and draws within her borders. A perceptible change becomes apparent in the atmosphere. Out of the landscape, the first thing which rises up to greet one, as one approaches village or town, is the spire of some church or cathedral. The houses always nestle round the protecting walls of some ancient, monastic retreat. In the fields, as one speeds past them, rise up white stone crosses, slender ones of wood, and little shrines for prayer. Stations of the Cross climb up the hills to church or chapel. The spirit of religion seems the very breath of life, not merely an adjunct for certain days. At sunset or sunrise in the verdant, quiet and sweetly smelling fields, the labourer stops to rest and pray in the miniature chapel. The Saints Days are full of processions, and all the houses are adorned with niches over the door lintels to hold some figure of Saint or Madonna.

In the eating rooms of country inns and taverns

hang large crucifixes or religious pictures. Day and night, over the old town gates, lamps before the Virgin are ever burning. The churches are munificently kept up, and in the smallest towns we find a magnificent old pile, rising up above the little brown-roofed cottages. The swallows fly in and out, building their nests in the heads of some little rococo angel, or in the mitre of some Bishop or Saint. On All Soul's Day the cemeteries are crowded, in villages, towns and cities, with the families of the departed, who spend all day by the graves, decorating them with wreaths and flowers, and at night illuminating them with lanterns and candles. In the small villages the early morning air is filled with a monotonous chant of mingled voices; old men and maidens, young men and women, walking two by two, with bent head and clasped hands, in lengthy procession, a robed priest leading, with little lace-and-scarlet-clad choir boys, the Cross held aloft, bent on some mission of prayer to a distant shrine, for the succour of some soul, or some martyred Saint.

The initiation services of young priests are fraught with many ancient customs and symbolical rights, such as the marrying of a little maiden to the young priest, at his holding of the First Communion and departure from the world. For eternity she is to be his spiritual bride, he her protector, by prayer and seclusion, for life. The Bavarians are very conservative, clinging to old ways, customs and dress. In some districts

the costumes are intensely picturesque; the broad brimmed hat, high leather boots and silver buttons everywhere to be seen, or the charming grey and green costume of the mountain districts. That simplicity is inherent in the Bavarian folk is very evident in their unsophisticated acceptance of old myths and legends to this day as truisms. For instance, on Walpurgis Night, there is still to be observed in certain parts of the more remote districts, the custom of driving out witches or evil spirits. The young fellows of the village assemble after sunset on some height, especially at a crossroad, and crack whips with all their strength for a while in unison. This, so they firmly believe, drives away the witches; for so far as the sound of the whip is heard, these maleficent beings can do no harm.*

In some places, while the young fellows are cracking their whips, the herdsmen wind their horns, and these long drawn notes, heard far off, vibrating through the silence of the night, are believed to be very effectual for banishing the evil spirits. In temperament, the Bavarians resemble more the Austrians, being more open hearted and buoyant of nature than their more Northern brothers. They are spontaneous, cheerful, effervescent, and intensely artistic loving, yet inclined to be credulous and superstitious, and the lower classes are comparatively ruled in both ecclesiastical and political views by their superiors.

* The Golden Bough by J. G. Fraser.

Norman, Bavarian History.

Of course, to this there are exceptions, and all over the country, socialists and independent thinkers are to be met with. Among the cultivated classes, a very marked independence of both thought and action has latterly manifested itself. The low German or Bavarian has a very noticeable dialect, which in mediaeval days, was called Platt Deutsch (that is, flat Dutch), the Highland German being called Hoch Deutsch (or High Dutch). The inhabitants of Holland are called Dutch, but they belong to the Low-German races, and have no exclusive right to the title. Luther, being born in upper Germany, and having translated the Bible into High German, is probably the reason why "Hoch Deutsch" is alone recognized as the literary and aristocratic language of the country.*

"The present form of government is founded partly on long established usage and partly on a constitutional act passed in May, 1818, and modified by subsequent acts, especially one passed in 1848 after the abdication of Ludwig I. The monarchy is hereditary and the executive power vested in the King, whose person is considered inviolable. The responsibility resting, as it does in England, with the ministers. The Upper Parliament, the Chamber of the Reichsrath, comprises the Princes of the Royal blood, two Archbishops, the Barons or heads of certain noble families and a Protestant and Catholic clergyman."

* Baring Gould.

The history of the mysterious cities of Southern Germany hangs around them with a melancholy severity, occasionally serene, always earnest, but seldom with that colourful radiance of hope, which one so promptly feels on crossing the borderland into the warmth of Italy. It is typically the land of Dürer, of Cornelius, Hans Sachs and Wagner. And yet it is immensely progressive and full of an enthralling magnetic charm. In Munich, however, all the above is changed. The air there glistens and shimmers as no where else in Bavaria. It has little of that staid formalism, that rigid mediaevalism of the other cities. It were impossible to follow individually the history of the many Free Imperial cities which are now joined to Bavaria, or the stories of all her towns, castles, palaces, monasteries, lakes and villages. The civilization of these cities and their art, reaches back to a very distant period, as we have seen. The Thirty Years War and the discovery of the passage around the Cape being the two chief causes for their downfall. But the monasteries mostly managed to maintain their princely wealth and celebrity up to the nineteenth century. Although the Carolingian period saw the beginning of Ratisbon's importance, little that is of other import from that time has descended to Bavaria, excepting some fine specimens of the goldsmith's art and miniature painting. About the tenth century an unbroken chain of activity began to manifest itself in a number of important towns. From the tenth to the thirteenth cen-

turies the art style most prevalent was the Romanesque, revealing itself in innumerable ecclesiastical buildings. It had been suggested by the Roman Basilica and attained its artistic height in Bavaria in the twelfth century. Ratisbon is aglow with buildings of this style, the most remarkable being the cathedral, the Ober Münster, the Schottenkirche and Saint Emmeraus. But the most perfect example of the Romanesque architecture is to be found in one of the most ancient cities of Germany, Bamberg! This cathedral was founded by Henry II. in the year 1004 who also built the Bishopric of Bamberg. He and his wife Saint Kunigunde, are buried in the former. The Romanesque period of architecture was followed victoriously in Bavaria by the Gothic. The Frauenkirche in Munich, the church at Landshut and the churches of Nuremberg, being very perfect examples. During this Gothic period sculpture and painting began in Bavarian cities to achieve their world-wide distinction. Tombstones in stone, altars in carved wood, fonts in metal, were the most followed branches of art. Wood carving was religiously carried on everywhere, in all the mountain districts, as well as in the towns and cities, the chief works being altars, choir-stalls and crucifixes. The carvings on the altars were usually painted, and most perfect specimens of the latter can be seen in the Museums at Munich and Nuremberg.

Later the towns became transformed under another influence, that of the German "Renaiss-

sance". It breathed its influence, into every branch of art. St. Michael's Kirche in Munich, and the Castle and New Palace of Landshut showing very clearly the new tendency. As the riches and power of the Bavarian Dukes increased, their palaces gradually became transformed into homes of splendid magnificence. In almost every town and parish can be seen the vast sweep of this new influence, but Nuremberg and Rothenburg unquestionably stand at the head of all German Renaissance towns. The former, despite its wide fame, perhaps less than the latter, for the invasions of modern thought and a devastating practicality have laid their disturbing touch on the ancient atmosphere. Rothenburg is probably the purest existing type of unadulterated German Renaissance beauty, revealing the consistent aim at inner harmony with exterior beauty. The goldsmith's work, the woodcarving inlaid with ivory, the metal panelling, brass utensils, coarse pottery, finely coloured, and much plastic ornament, leading one outwardly as it were to the shell, the complete architecture of the enclosing form. In the seventeenth century the Italian style crept in to influence all the arts and we can see its mark in the façades of the Nuremberg Rathaus, and in the "Goldene Saal" of the Augsburg Rathaus. Italian ideas were very dominant in the latter city, as she was in such vital and continuous intercourse with that country. The next art influence to manifest itself was the Baroque.

MUNICH.

The city which is of the greatest import to Bavaria now undoubtedly is Munich. Since the splendid energies of Ludwig I. and the enormous art inspiration spread through Cornelius, Kaulbach and their followers, she has ranked among the foremost of European art centres.

Not before the reign of Henry the Lion does she come into prominence.

We first read of her as "Dorf München", where some warehouses stood, built by monks for the reception of salt which was brought from the mines of Reichenhalle and Salzburg. These monks belonged to the Schäftlarn or Tegernsee monastery, where they possessed a small farm or produce dairy which was called "München". The word comes from the Latin Forum "ad monachos" or Muniha, and the present title of Munich or München comes from these same monkish pioneers. Henry the Lion built a wooden bridge over the Isar, founded a customs house and mint and started also a market, but it did not become the residence of the Bavarian Dukes until 1255, when Otto the Illustrious transferred his residence there, and his son Ludwig the Severe built the Old Palace, or Alte Veste. The latter it was who started the first brewery, drawing up himself the regulations for the brewers.

Under these Wittelsbach princes the town began to prosper. After a terrible fire in 1327 Ludwig the Bavarian, who was born in the Alte

Veste, almost entirely rebuilt the city. He was deeply attached to his Bavarian capital and the people worshipped him. His tomb is in the Frauenkirche. Between 1550 and 1573 Duke Albrecht V. founded the library, the Kunst Kammer and the first collection for the National Museum.

Electoral Maximilian I. erected the Arsenal, the Alte Residenz and the Marien-Säule. Munich suffered a severe retardation in 1631 when Gustavus Adolphus made it his head-quarters on his devastating journey through Bavaria. But like all the other cities she slowly resuscitated herself after the Thirty Years War, and under the rule of Ferdinand Maria began the building of the Rococo works of architecture, in churches, palaces and houses. Munich contains two distinct atmospheres; the older part of the city still possessing an aroma of ancient days. The city was originally surrounded by a wall and ditch (but these were filled up in 1791), and one entered her precincts by castellated gates, many of which are still standing. The beautiful old Sendlinger-Thor dates from the fourteenth century. The Isar-Thor and the Carls-Thor were built about 1315. The oldest parish church in Munich is St. Peters; originally it was a small Romanesque building, but was enlarged in the Gothic style in 1327. The Marien-Platz, although even there numerous new buildings have sprung up, is still suggestive of the mediaeval life of the city; the houses being built in the same quaint, attractive way, which appeals so to

one in Nuremberg and Augsburg. Still can we see buildings, irregular both in size and form, oriel windows high up on some corner, high sloping roofs, punctured with scores of little windows in tiers. The fronts of these houses are often covered with frescoes, scroll-work or stucco patterns. The great market place with its Column of the Virgin, erected by Elector Maximilian in commemoration of his victory over Frederic of Austria and the end of the Plague, the old clock tower and Rathaus, first built in 1315, all fill the eye with a picture of ancient beauty. In 1715 Max Josef III. founded the Academy, but it was Maximilian I., who began to add most to the improvement of modern Munich. He dissolved a number of superfluous religious houses and erected new buildings. But all its modern magnificence dates from the accession of Ludwig I.

Munich, like any other city, can only be absorbed by a visit with some reliable guide book. One notices on the pavements, as signs over inns, or as advertisement or crest, the Münchener Kindel. It immediately attracts ones curiosity. The legend has passed through innumerable phases and changes. One story runs that our Saviour came down to bless the town and the furtherance of the good works of the monks, in the guise of a little child, robed in a monk's garment and hood. It probably was originally the seal of the monks, and through the centuries, under the hands of various artists, who carved, painted and

chiselled the little figure, endeavouring to beautify it, it gradually became transformed to its present childlike aspect. The greatest contributors to the splendors of modern Munich in carrying out the ambitions of Ludwig I. were Schwanthaler, Klenze and Gärtner. They are all buried in the Southern cemetery which is considered the finest and most artistic in Germany. Fraunhofer, the astronomer, Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, Neumann, the historian, and Franz von Hess the painter were also buried here.

For the artist, the student, the seeker for rest, Munich will make a very definite appeal. Her broad streets, fountains, statues, deep wooded park, quaint customs, picture galleries, (containing almost the finest collection of old masters in the world), her galleries of sculpture, academies for the study of every branch of literature, science, or art, her beautiful little Residenz-Theater and magnificent Opera House, her concert halls, the great artists who flock to her centre every year, her standard in productions and plays, all seem to round out a life of complete artistic enjoyment. It is a city both to absorb, study and create in. Here Kaulbach the elder lived and worked and here now in his artistic home lives and works his famous son. Lenbach's exquisite home, so alive still with that great and suggestive personality, the classical, remarkable home of Stuck, and on the hill above the river, the inspiringly poised Peace Monument, the wonderful Prinz-Regenten theatre for the production of Wagner's operas

and classical dramas alone, all greet us with inspiring hopes.

Next to some of the galleries in Italy, the old and new Pinakotheks contain some of the finest pictures in the world. Next to Vienna and Antwerp the former possesses the most exceptional collection of Rubens. Dürer (the greatest painter Germany has ever given birth to), Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Ruysdael, Van der Meer, Schongauer, Holbein and many masterpieces of the Flemish, early Cologne and Italian masters, all being excellently represented. In the New Pinakothek is an entrancing array of the works of Overbeck, Hess, Markart, Max, Piloty, Kaulbach (father and son), Defregger, Stuck, Lenbach, Böcklin, Rottmann, Piglheim &c.

Two very noticable pictures of the later modern school, are Stuck's "War", and "Die Sünde". But the gem, almost of all picture collections in Munich is that contained in the little Schack Gallery. One leaves Munich rich with memories, but perhaps the most treasured remembrance of all is that of the New National Museum on the Prinz-Regenten Strasse.

No better evocative lesson for the resuscitating and absorbing of the arresting changes, through which this one small kingdom has passed, can be obtained than by a visit to this most wonderful of all European Museums. Each room is built so as to harmonize with the period of its contents. This alone was a labour of infinite art and all-embracing knowledge.

The exterior is of the German Renaissance style; within, all the objects are arranged in chronological order (as in the Glyptothek) from far prehistoric times, down through all the passing centuries, and bearing all through a special reference to Bavaria. To dwell in each room for a while is to be impregnated with the past atmosphere and personality of barbaric, pagan, and mediaeval times. A very aroma seems to cling to the furniture and to emanate from the walls, hangings, relics and pictures; wordless oracles from the graceful mystic urns, which hide what secret of death or fragrance of life? The silent standing armoured figures are stern and ominous with blood and wars; the Roman floors are polished with the passing of countless sandalled feet, now long ages at rest; the ancient altar receives no more ardent pagan prayer, no more ceremony in praise of Beauty; the antique forge and tools lie impotent, and the Hun's Column rises up in impenetrable mystery and eternal secrecy.

The arduously, delicately illuminated miniatures and illustrations of full deep coloured missals, reflect innumerable, concentrated, earnest faces, bent long years in devotion and labour of passionate love. All these ancient objects, these rooms, empty of the life which wrought them, which have witnessed so many births, deaths, scenes of love, lawlessness and cruelty, the hatching of revolutions, the first appeals of new religions, the quiet inevitable progress of the arts,

changes of costumes, habits and manners, and heard the gradual evolution of speech and language, seem to be mourning with a burden of the past, hung with enwrapping folds of ancient gloom and grandeur, and of their own present impotency. Nevertheless, they mark a luminous road. They may be musty with an old and terror abiding memory of an unwieldy civilization, but as we pass downward through the centuries, we are more and more struck by the chastening, direct and potent influence of that "handmaid to Religion", Art. We can see man reaching upward and outward in steady throbs as if impelled by some gigantic cosmic machine. We see the progression of the abstract and eternal ideas sweeping aside the external and the temporal; crude forms and expressions crumbling away before the mounting, powerful, penetrating, persistent, delicate thoughts of the artistic soul; and as art heightened and rarified, nothing able to bar its onward sweeping power, the aspect of the cities, towns, villages, and life in the home, becomes distinctly different, moulded by the same inward beautifying power; all becoming as it were purified by flame and thought; simplified, the unnecessary rejected, the necessary applied. And so we leave behind with traversed room after room, the horrors of the past, wars, rapine, crimes of political and ecclesiastical corruption, holding only to those necessary, beautiful and illuminating things which must, from very virtue of their own necessity, exist.

BAYREUTH.

“Little city of my habitation, to which I belong on this side of the grave, at the foot of the fir-capped mountains” wrote that transcendental and sweet spirit, Jean Paul Richter, of Bayreuth where he spent so many years of his arduous and fruitful life.

This “Festival Grail”, which is a modern place of pilgrimage, is situated in “a fascinating circle of enchanting environment”. Long stretches of tender, green and undulating meadows surround the town; then in the foreground loom the deep shadowed pine forests, their delicate spires pricking the blue of the heavens, and encircling all are the picturesque fir-capped mountains. It is a spot of infinite peace, of calm undistracting joy, a place in which to concentrate the dream, and draw the scattered fancies into a glorious artistic bondage!

“The word Baireuth means a piece of ground reclaimed or dug up by the Bavarians. Reut or Reuth being still made use of by the peasants to designate a spade or shovel, which is always to be seen hanging from the plough. Baireuth is the ancient mode of spelling and Bayreuth the modern.”*

It was not until 1881 that English or Americans heard much of Bayreuth, nevertheless it is fraught with a significant historical interest. It possesses

* Thomas Carlyle.

the home of the present ruling house of Germany, Hohenzollern-Brandenburg; also the principalities of Culmbach-Baireuth, together with the Upper portion of the Burggraf of Nuremberg, which in reality includes Nuremberg itself and Rothenburg. Originally it was a principality or a duchy like Salzburg; appearing in the old deeds as a Margraviate, or small duchy, its ruler styled only Margrave, which led to much ill-feeling, discussion and bitter jealousy.

In the year 1005 we first find mention of a Margrave; one Count Berenger of Salzburg who had married a daughter of Margrave Hezilo (Duke of Bavaria). The latter gave his son-in-law a piece of territory as a wedding portion, called Bayreuth. Berenger tried to convert his pagan subjects to Christianity, and is credited we believe with being the founder of the town of Bayreuth. But there is no absolute proof of a town there until 1194. He disappears from the ancient Chronicles and for some time no other name of import comes into notice. Then we come to Berthold, a famous knight and crusader who later was created Duke of Meran by Frederick Barbarossa. He died after a warlike life, in Bayreuth and was succeeded by his descendants, the last of whom, Duke Otto was murdered in 1281. His possessions were then snatched by his neighbour the Brandenburger Hohenzollern Burggraf Frederick of Nuremberg who managed to secure for himself Bayreuth and some adjacent territory, proving notable acquisitions to the Hohenzollern

family. These possessions increased as years went on until it became of large extent, including territories under the names of Margravdom of Ansbach, Bayreuth and Culmbach.*

All in all there were twelve of these Hohenzollern Margraves or Electors. John the Alchemist was the son of the second Elector, but he resigned in favor of his brother Frederick, accepting in lieu of the Electorship the better half of the Culmbach territory. He died in 1469. After his death his portion of Bayreuth passed to his brother Albert, who likewise inherited the Electorship of Brandenburg. He was the third Elector, and called in his day the "Achilles of Germany". Albert is the ancestor of all the Culmbach and Brandenburg Hohenzollerns. Until the 17th century Culmbach was the capital of the little duchy, but about that time the Margrave Christian directed his thoughts towards Bayreuth and resolved to make it the Residence of all the future Margraves. In 1601 however a terrible plague which was working havoc in Germany and especially in Bavaria, swept through Bayreuth, to be followed by a devastating fire, both of which frustrated the plans of the Margrave, driving him and his Court back to Culmbach. In 1610 he returned again, determined to carry out his former plan, but again misfortune occurred, and the re-building of his town seemed a futile hope, for it was again reduced to ashes by another terrible fire!

* Frances Gerard.

Then followed the hopeless turmoil of the Thirty Years War, which threw not only gloom and death over the entire land, but killed all aspiring dreams. The next thirty years were for Bayreuth as well as for all other towns one long, weary repetition of sieges, battles, loss and degeneration, which we will pass over until we come to the Margraviate Frederick, who was ruling the Duchy in 1738. This Elector was the husband of the fascinating Wilhelmine, sister of Frederick the Great. Bayreuth had in the mean time slowly endeavoured to gather herself together, and under the impetus of this enthusiastic, talented, extravagant and charmingly irresponsible couple reached the highest zenith of her progression and beauty. This was between 1735 and 1759. The Court was put on an entirely new footing, assuming an almost supremely monarchical appearance. New and lovely buildings were erected, and the beautiful duchy with its verdant meadows, deep woods and distant far-stretching forests soon became one of the most brilliant capitals of Europe. Wilhelmine's father-in-law, the former Margrave had been a close, unenthusiastic, avaricious man, possessed of little mentality; but his son Frederick was full of a lavish generosity, cultured tastes, artistic ambitions, and exceedingly clever. He was an expert linguist, and more, of a winning and loveable disposition. He was adored by his subjects, whom he did all in his power to instruct and cultivate. The art fever was running an epidemical course all over Germany,

finding enthusiastic mediums in the luxurious loving princes. Frederick and his Margravine were much bitten by the prevailing building mania, and also with that of constantly improving their own tastes and those of their subjects. French and Italian architects, artists, painters, actors and singers were recruited to Baireuth, inundating the little court. The theatre was enlarged (it had originally been built by Frederick and Wilhelmine), and despite their undeniable extravagances, for which they were severely rebuked by Frederick the Great, the town, under their lavish rule, was much improved for both rich and poor alike. The old gatehouses were taken away and also the fortifications; the moat was filled up and laid out in landscape gardens, which occupation was Wilhelmine's hobby.

Frederick was so anxious to encourage building, and the improvement of the town architecturally, that he not only gave the ground, but immunity from taxes, for fifty years to whomsoever wished to build. Need one say that both Italian and French architects availed themselves of this extraordinary privilege to a great extent. In 1735 Frederick presented his wife with the Eremitage, a sort of miniature Trianon, wherein she wrote her famous "Memoirs". Frederick never taxed the people of Bayreuth, but in order to pay his debts taxed the numerous French residents of the town. He died in 1763 and was sincerely mourned as a well beloved ruler who had done an infinite deal towards raising the

fortunes, entire worth and atmosphere of the little duchy.

He was succeeded by Frederick Christian, a morose and gloomy man, who had for a number of years led an isolated and solitary life. Certain grave stories concerning the time when he had been governor of Neustadt had preceded him and his advent in Bayreuth cast a shadow over the town. He neither came with, nor was he received, with enthusiasm. Some years previously he had been confined, by order of Frederick, in the fortress of Plessenburg, and since then had led an excluded existence at Wandslech. The Bayreuthers feared that he might revenge himself on them for his imprisonment, but their anxiety was groundless. His one passion seemed to be economy, and his sole desire to cut down all expenses to the lowest possible fraction, to decrease the amount of debt and diminish the outgoings of the duchy. He promptly dismissed all the opera singers, reduced the expenses of the court, and abolished every unnecessary office. He was not popular, coming after the gay and buoyant Wilhelmine and her husband. He loved to listen to the lengthiest of sermons and to have innumerable prayers said for his soul. Despite his attributed avariciousness he gave large alms to the poor, evidently in an endeavour to wipe out the secret guilty stain which lay on his conscience. He died in 1769, and with him the line of Brandenburg-Kulmbach became extinct, the ducal principality of Bayreuth passing to the Margrave of Anspach. Wilhelmine's

sister had married this Margrave and rumour had it that she was very unhappy with him. They had one son, Alexander, and as Wilhelmine's only child had been a girl, the former became Margrave of Bayreuth as well as Anspach. He had no children, but it was just about this time that Lady Craven came upon the scene. Alexander fell very much in love with her, and she took up her permanent abode in Bayreuth. In the meantime Lord Craven died, and soon after, the poor little sickly and unhappy Margravine. Alexander promptly married Lady Craven, but they were very unpopular in their duchies, not only on account of the death of the Margravine, but because of the letting out of the troops of the Duchy to fight for the English and the Dutch. Under the influence of his second wife, Alexander ran into all sorts of extravagances, and quarrelled with his foremost ministers. Later, in 1791 through the influence of his wife and the court at Berlin, he sold the duchies of Bayreuth, Brandenburg and Anspach to Prussia, receiving in return an annuity. They immediately left Bayreuth, fading in ignoble manner from the pages of history. For fifteen years Bayreuth remained in the possession of Prussia, and then came the conquering French. After Jena, the army of Napoleon took possession of the Margraviate, and by the treaty of Tilsit it was handed over definitely to him, becoming part of his great road from the Rhine to the Volga.

Until 1809 Bayreuth remained a French depen-

dency, suffering much from the ravages of the troops who committed excesses of every sort. Money was levied on it in a relentless manner, in conjunction with many another town, to keep up the enormous expenses of Napoleon's army. In 1809 it became, for the short space of six months, Austrian, but when Max Josef was elected King of Bavaria, Bayreuth and all her surroundings were given to him. On June 13, 1810, Bavarian troops marched into the town which had endured so many changes, and now for ninety six years it has been a Bavarian province.

Wagner had visited Bayreuth early in his youth, and had then been much impressed by its peaceful beauty, which had also so appealed to the gentle soul of Richter. Wagner revisited Bayreuth in 1871 and was so enthusiastically received by both, municipality and administration, that he felt assured his hopes had at last found a resting place and that his great idea would meet with encouragement. Wahnfried, that "home of peaceful fancies" was built, but his first years there were nevertheless beset with infinite difficulties, hardships and struggles. Bayreuth now is a sun-centre, radiating over the entire civilized globe, the inspired music of this luminous genius. In choosing Bayreuth, for the spot on which to found his great Festival playhouse, Wagner fully realized that *concentration on the one idea* was the surest and absolutely necessary foundation for success. People go to Bayreuth for the Wagner

Festival, not to be charmed with the attractions of some mediaeval town. The foundation stone for the theatre was laid on May 22, 1872, Wagner's fifty-ninth birthday. Among other notabilities, both Haeckel and Nietzsche were present. The building is on the top of a hill, commanding a wide and sweeping view. It was made from plans drawn solely by Wagner, and not by Semper, who designed the plans for the Munich house. Architecturally it resembles a Grecian Amphitheater, and holds one thousand, four hundred and fifty people. The interior is severely plain, with few decorations, no gilding or draperies, and no disturbing, glaring chandelier. The lights, which are all placed on the tops of pillars, are extinguished immediately the performance begins. The orchestra is invisible, buried in a "mystic abyss". Pilgrims journey to Bayreuth, concentrated on the one idea of becoming absorbed in the elemental genius of a solitary man. It is probable that without the constant enthusiasm and aid of Ludwig II., Wagner's dream might have been still longer delayed; as it was, he called the latter "the fellow creator of Bayreuth". At the great production of Parsifal in 1881 Ludwig was not present. The darkness was beginning to enwrap him, but when he heard of Wagner's death, he was sorely stricken, experiencing probably the greatest loss and sincerest affection of his life.

NUREMBERG.

"In spite of all its changes and in spite of all the disfigurements of modern industry, Nuremberg is and will remain a mediaeval city; a city of history and legend and a city of the soul."

Cecil Hadlam.

There is a subtle charm about Nuremberg which can be found nowhere else in Germany. Its great age carries one back to those shadows of tradition where only silence greets us. We learn that it sprang up gradually from the midst of woods and marshes and that during the Migrations was sacked by the Huns, their king Attila probably passing through the little town, murdering and plundering. There is little proof, as in the more southern towns, of a Roman colonization, but later it was taken by Charlemagne and came under the rule of the Frankish kings. The first authentic mention of Nuremberg occurs in a document about 1050, which was called into existence by the founding of the castle. About this time a mint, custom-house and market were established. After the first persecution of the Jews, the entire town was burned down by them, but rebuilt in 1120. In 1127 it endured a long seige: the Emperor Lothair took it from the Duke of Swabia and gave it to Henry the Proud of Bavaria about 1130, but in 1138 it was re-united by Conrad III. to the German Empire and for the next three or four centuries belonged to the Hohenstaufens and was much favored by the Emperors. Gradually around the castle grew up the little winding streets and houses,

and a strange mixture of races, Germans, Franks and Sklavs, converged to its centre. Not only a special dialect was the result and the art of the future ages stamped propitiously by this influx of various nationalities, but an enormous business energy became prominent, the city soon becoming the centre of the vast trading processions between the Levant and Western Europe, and with Augsburg, the chief medium for the valuable products of Italy. Barbarossa often came to Nuremberg, adding to the castle and making it an Imperial stronghold. The progress of the city was greatly promoted by the privileges granted to it by this Emperor and in 1219 it received from Frederick II. the charter making it a free Imperial city, independent of allegiance to all but the Emperor. The years, from 1225 and onward, were a period of much lawlessness all over Germany, murder and violence being matters of every day occurrence. The power of the Princes was almost anarchic: the strength of the robber Barons a source of menace to everybody's safety. In 1259 all the towns had to band together to protect themselves and their travelling merchants against these robber Knights who swooped down on them from their castles.

The Government of Nuremberg was originally vested in the patrician families, but in 1344 they were expelled by the civic guild, only later to return and reap a greater control than ever. The office of Burggraf (originally a deputy-governor in the name of the Emperor) was first held by

Frederick I. (1218) of the Zollern family, under Henry IV. But these governors soon acquired independent power and in 1363 became Fürstens or Princes. In 1226 Conradin, nephew of the ruling Duke of Bavaria, became Burgrave of Nuremberg, but he had to pledge his possessions in order to pay back a loan, and in 1269 Duke Ludwig and Henry of Bavaria took equal rights in Nuremberg. Nevertheless, it still continued to retain its independent rights as a free city. There were constant discussions and fights between the Margraves and the citizens, but it did not materially interfere with the rapid growth and progress of the city. The Emperors constantly came and made it their headquarters on account of the good hunting in the surrounding forests, and it also attracted thousands of pilgrims, owing to the miracle-working relics of St. Sebald, which it possessed. As early as 1020—1080 pilgrims began to flock to Nuremberg and this alone was enough to attract commerce and success. The story of this remarkable monk, St. Sebald, the son, in all probability, of some Danish, Irish or British Christian king, his early brilliant theological career in Paris and his subsequent relinquishment of all worldly goods, happiness, fame and comfort for the service of Christ, is fraught with much tender interest. He settled in the great forests outside of Nuremberg, performing miracles, healing the sick, fasting and praying. He was buried on the spot where St. Sebalds Church now stands, and his relics, of which innumerable

miracles are still recorded, lie in the beautiful shrine made by Vischer in 1507.

In 1298 took place another awful massacre of the Jews all over Franconia. In 1340 Nuremberg entered into a treaty with Würzburg and Rothenburg for the mutual protection of the Bavarian Dukes. In the wars of succession, at the time of Ludwig the Bavarian, the latter had taken his side. Under Maximilian of Bavaria in 1447—1491 Nuremberg reached her greatest height of prosperity, where she comparatively remained for the next two centuries. She possessed at this time an independent domain and furnished 6000 fighting men to Maximilian's army. Her artisans worked in all sorts of metals; there were smiths, cutlers, armourers, casters in bronze, and gold and silver-smiths. Also sculptors, painters, engravers, mathematicians &c. In 1414 John Huss passed through Nuremberg on his daring reforming journey. Although given up to trade and merchandise, the Nurembergers were full of a deep religious enthusiasm, and in 1453 eleven burghers went on a Crusade on hearing that Constantinople had been taken by the Turks.

In 1494 there was another antagonistic movement against the unfortunate Jews, who had chiefly carried on the profession of medicine (the business of money-lending was carried on by the monasteries!), they were expelled and on pain of death forbidden to sleep even within the walls. At a later period the gates were even closed upon the Protestant weavers exiled from France and

Flanders, who, however, found an asylum in other German cities and by their skill and talent soon rendered themselves successful competitors to the prejudiced Nurembergers. The citizens of Nuremberg early adopted, with their neighbouring city Augsburg, the Reformed Faith, and clung to it for several years, no Romanist being allowed to hold property in the town. In 1518 Luther came to Nuremberg and we read that both Dürer and Hans Sachs were devoted admirers and ardent upholders of his. In the famous conflict between Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus, Nuremberg took the part of the latter. This awful siege drained the city of all its wealth and plunged it into debt, exhausting it in every way, and this period of the Thirty Years War inflicted a calamitous and seriously permanent blow to the city. Down to the peace of Pressburg, Nuremberg possessed a constitution of its own, but in 1805 it was taken possession of by the French, and to this period belongs the cruel execution by order of Napoleon, of John Palm, the Bookseller. In 1806 Nuremberg ceased to be an independent city, and was given over to the newly established Bavarian Monarchy by the French Emperor.

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The oldest chronicler of Nuremberg was Ulman Stromer; he was also the first man to set up a paper mill. (1390—1407).

A little later the great names of Wohlgemuth and his noble pupil Dürer began to adorn the

pages of her history (1435—1519). And now also began that lavish expenditure for the adornment of her person; such incidents for instance crop up to establish the proof of the Nurembergers great love for their city, as in 1447 the voting of five hundred florins for the gilding of the beautiful fountain in the Hauptmarktplatz.

Dürer's personality, works and life, have occupied many students and the career of this gentle, devout, ardent and painstaking genius is well known. He was both painter, sculptor, engraver, mathematician and veritable northern Leonardo.

1529 saw the name of Adam Krafft, the sculptor, appearing on the scroll. Between 1440 and 1503 Veit Stoss lived, the best wood carver of his time and also a beautiful carver in stone, painter, engraver and mechanical architect. His most famous piece of woodcarving is the beautiful Nuremberg Madonna. A remarkable altarpiece and other exquisite works of his are to be seen in the Lorenz-Kirche. Nuremberg at this time was the incentive for many revealing practical necessities and remarkable inventions as well as for her artistic beauties. In 1380 cards were manufactured; in 1390 the first paper mill was built; in 1356 the first cannon balls were cast. Watches were made in an oval form, called the Nuremberg egg, by Peter Helbe, in the year 1500. In 1517 the first gunlock was invented. In 1550 Erasmus Ebner discovered that particular alloy of metals, composing brass. Nuremberg also gave birth to Veit Hirschvogel and his three sons.

famous as potters and glass painters, and also promulgators of the art of enamelling. In 1560 Hans Lobeinger invented the air gun, and in 1690 Christopher Denner invented the clarionet. A few weeks after the birth of Dürer, in 1471, Johann Müller came to Nuremberg. He was a great mathematical genius, and looked upon that city as the centre of Europe, the meeting place of art and industry. Dürer's book on Geometry was due to his influence, and also the beautiful chart he made of the heavens. Müller also introduced popular scientific lectures and organized the manufacturing of nautical and astronomical instruments. Martin Behaim, that adventurous navigator and constructor of the globe, was also his pupil.

Nuremberg is very mediaeval in both atmosphere and appearance. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets, strengthened in more recent times by ramparts and bastions resembling the early Italian fortifications, these being enclosed by a wide ditch. Four principal arched gates, flanked by massive towers, are not only intensely interesting, but serve to complete a picture as of a coronet of antique towers encircling the city. One is immediately carried back to a remote age as one threads one's way through the irregular streets and examines the quaint, gable-faced houses, the churches and other monuments of religion, charity and art. All is singularly perfect having miraculously escaped the ravages and storms of wars, sieges and even the Reformation. The patrician citizens have homes like palaces. Many

are still inhabited by families who trace their descent back to the cities earliest days. A number of the houses, though built in the fashion of the 15th century, with narrow, highly ornamented fronts and acutely pointed gables, are very large, telling one poignantly of the luxury in which they lived at that period. The part in which the family lived was richly decorated with stucco and carving, and there is little wonder that Nuremberg acquired the name of the Gothic Athens. The Italian Cardinal, Eneas Silvio, who visited Germany in 1459, in writing of the glories of the then resplendent German Empire, said, that "the kings of Scotland would be glad if they were housed as well as the moderately well-to-do burghers of Nuremberg, and that Augsburg is not surpassed in riches by any city in the world". All the cities at this time, but especially Nuremberg, cultivated music, each town having it's "master-singers" and musical guilds and on a Sunday afternoon the members would meet and give performances in the Town Hall or in churches. Prizes of philigree-wire, wreaths of silver and gold, were given for the best compositions. The first prize was a representation of David playing the harp, stamped on a golden slate. The last performance given in Nuremberg was in 1770.

Nuremberg, at present may be said to be the second largest town in Bavaria, and the first in commercial importance. The best point of surveyance of the old town is from the burg or castle,

picturesquely situated on the top of a rock on the north side of the town. This castle, dating back, in its present form, to the year 1151 is a store-house of interesting relics and shuddering moments for the imaginative and sensitive sight-seer. The collection of all those tortuous instruments; especially that of the "Iron Virgin", that climax-reaching of all degenerate horrors, gives one unpalatable glimpses into what the minds of the majority were like, in those mediaeval times, excepting when they were exalted by a devotion to art or the gentleness bred by a true religious sentiment. We are infinitely thankful for their great heritage of artistic genius, but more than grateful that their times are remote, and to be resuscitated only by the divine gift of memory. That gift which can bring us, in an almost vivid nearness, to the purest and most soul entrancing days of Greece, Rome, Egypt and of mediaeval glory; which enables us through the intervening mists to see the luminous countenances of Homer, Plato, Dante, Leonardo, Angelo and Dürer; and again are we initiated into the eternal secret whisperings, which bespeak, that in Beauty lies the greatest and only permanent strength, the solitary power which alone is lasting, which never dies, but ever repeats itself in all times and climes. "The Beautiful is higher than the Good. The Beautiful *includes in it* the Good."

In all the beautiful Gothic churches of Nuremberg are to be seen innumerable examples of the noble artists of her great art-cycle. In the awe-

some and mighty edifice of St. Lawrence are miracles of carving by Adam Krafft; the most noticeable perhaps being a receptacle in the form of a Gothic spire, sixty five feet in height. There is also a beautiful piece by Veit Stoss representing the Salutation. One of the most precious art treasures in the entire rich land of Germany is in the equally magnificent church of St. Sebalds. It is an enormous bronze sarcophagus and canopy, adorned with many statues and reliefs, the masterpiece of Peter Vischer. This glorious monument took the incomparable artist fifteen years to accomplish, from 1506—1521.

Everywhere are works of art, from the artistic decorations over doors and windows to the masterpieces of Dürer, Van Dyck, Wohlgemuth &c. Most of Dürer's works are sadly scattered from his native town, adorning the galleries of Munich, Vienna and Berlin. But his undying fame haloes the city, as the fame of the past glorious days of Greece halo her very name with a transcendental lustre. His statue, copied from the portrait by himself, stands in the Albrecht-Dürer-Platz. In his house are copies of his masterpieces, and a fascinating collection of antique and very typical German furniture. The exquisite art of staining glass is the curiously fitting occupation of the warder who guides the traveller over the ancient home of Dürer.

Wood carving, glass staining, medal and medallion engraving, copying of the antique furniture and old cabinets and the world famous toy

making, are only a few, but the most attractive of the occupations of the Nuremberger. Exquisite linen, superbly embroidered, and decorated with drawn work is to be found in abundance. In fact this work is a speciality of Bavaria's. In the spring, summer and also at Christmas time, peasant women come in from the mountain districts, with baskets full of dainty doilies, tablecloths, sheets and gowns, in the purest hand-woven linen, both coarse and fine, the former being the most beautiful. All is edged with heavy hand-made lace.

The atmosphere of this fascinating city is hard to leave, the more one feeds on its rare and delicate charm. The narrow streets are lined with houses which lean towards each other in intimate and confiding manner.

The windows are picturesque and prominent, and high up on the corners, balconies jutt out in harmonious contrariness, and as one steps through the doorway into the mystic sanctuary of some ancient house one finds oneself suddenly in an old world atmosphere of rich and legendary tapestries, deft and suggestive wood-carving, and absorbing old prints. Doors, panelling, floors and ceilings, inlaid, carved and chiselled, and everywhere brass, copper, iron and pewter utensils, to awaken envious longings in the heart of the collector.

After a long day, when the brain and heart are full of new and lasting treasures and visions, one must wend one's way to the quaint little

Bratwurst-Glöcklein, and step over its high door-sill, to enter the minute room so dimly lit with many small windows, seat oneself at one of the little tables on one of the wooden benches, look into the burning charcoal furnace curling up over the bricks, watch the rosy-cheeked maids cooking the "wurstlein" and dream of the day behind one which has brought and taught one so much.

OBERAMMERGAU.

As one draws upward toward the little station of Oberammergau one is conscious of a peace descending, of an atmosphere as unusual as it is strange and elusive. The very air seems impregnated with a tender benediction; the atmosphere poignant with some great, omnipotent thought, possessed and held throughout the centuries. It is indeed a peaceful village into which one glides, leaving behind great ranges of mountains, enclosing one in a God-made circle of blue haze and distance; an infinitely gentle picture which meets ones gaze.

Not one of primitive grandeur or estatic loveliness, but one of simple, reflective and introspective beauty; one to inspire the thoughts to climb, to enable them to remain at ease at a certain elevation with a quiet joy and not to awe one into moods of tragic gloom, impossible speculation, or an almost uncontentative passion, which the overpowering majesty of certain vistas is apt to do. On every side are verdant fields

which stretch away lovingly to wooded hills, and guarding all are stately mountains, shedding tender shadows, rolling away to greater and ever greater peaks.

One is not surprised to see, running along the little station-platform, a beautiful youth in eager welcome, the marks of an ardent, healthy and devout nature on his brow; tanned cheeks, black hair flying long in the breeze and deep intelligent eyes. Immediately one is transplanted to another world; to a simpler, saner, freer, more natural and wholesome outlook, where the lies of a false civilization do not exist, where the beauties of nature are not sneered at and the ugly strenuousness of modern life forced in upon one as a virtue. Such a vision as this young boy, who might indeed have been the beloved disciple John, in all the beauty of his ideal young manhood, in our sophisticated cities, would call forth only censure and opposing adjectives.

In Oberammergau one falls effortlessly into a new and longed-for mood of rest, feeling at last in a haven where life is lived as it should be; art loved as it should be; religion absorbed and existent in a universality of spirit; not as an acquisition nor even a part of one's life, *but life itself*. One's thoughts rise, and mentally one begins "to burn all that one used to worship and to worship all that one used to burn".

These mountain folk do indeed "set their faces to the wind and throw their handful of seed on high". This inspiring ardour seems to invade

the souls of all in the little hamlet; and not in fear, with tears, accusing consciences, or droning wearisome conventions, is this religious atmosphere attained, but in beauty, joy and enthusiasm.

The first thing to attract one's gaze, even before one catches a glimpse of the village, attracting the eyes upward, is a thing of mighty symbolical import. One of the peaks, detached as it were and isolated from the rest, rises up, narrowing at the summit to receive as its crown, a lofty simple cross. The elusive grandeur of this moment is a prayer, a song, a comforting caress. So high is it, that the pine trees cease to grow, and the summit is rocky with only low shrubs and bushes clinging to the ground, leaving all stencil-clear for the reception of the delicate spire. It points upward, year after year, like the eternal flame of the indomitable spirit, in sunshine, storm, snow and gloom. Even in nature's blackest moods, though it become invisible, still is it there, the everlasting symbol of spirituality, aspiration and eternity. The cross of the Kofel, as the Oberammergauers call it, is faced with some shining metal which catches the sun, the wall of rock below changing colour with every mood of the day; now blue and green, now brown and purple, now dark and awesome with the reflection of some great inrolling cloud, now white and luminous, like the holy guardian of the Grail, in the moonlight! Wheresoever one may wander in this consecrated little spot one cannot, nor would not, escape this silent voice of uplifting sorrow.

The little village is winding and of exceeding picturesqueness, the intrusion of several modern buildings unable to effect its sweetness of atmosphere. The houses are of delicately coloured plaster, or sunburned to a deep velvety brown. Through the village, bordered at first on either side by cottages and later running out to fragrant flower-laden fields, is a clear, limpid, opalescent-hued stream, reflective also of the life of its hamlet and the clarity of its mission. It is a stream in which to look long and deeply; a stream to breed dreams of purity, of steadfast faith and musical art; a stream to cleanse and make innocent, to draw one into a mesh of endless visions of eternal wonder.

By its waters one feels new-born, re-awakened.

The whole place is an enchantment, wherein everything is a symbol, from the lives of the inhabitants to the great theatre which greets one on first drawing into the village.

The theatre, which was built, in its present form in 1830, and improved in 1890, is a severely simple, solid and earnest looking structure. High over its entrance a clear white cross appears, to face the Calvary Group, marble-white on the green hill, and the great cross of the Kofel.

All here work in unison; art, religion, the labourer of the fields, woodcarvers, builders and potters; all these sturdy, aesthetic peasants with their remarkable culture, refinement, unusual personal beauty, dramatic ideal and remoteness of position.

Originally Oberammergau was a Celtic settlement and later in the time of the Romans a station on their military road from Verona to Augsburg.

It was named by them "Ad Coveliacas" meaning the station at the Kofel.

From the 9th to the 12th century it was in possession of the Welfs and one of their Dukes, Ethiko, built a castle and also founded a monastery there. It was in the year 1167 that the village of Oberammergau was transferred to the Hohenstaufens, and exactly one hundred years later, to the House of Wittelsbach. It has always enjoyed a great amount of freedom, being granted many more rights and privileges than any other of the near lying villages. Under the rule of Ludwig the Bavarian (1330) it was allowed even more freedom, and immunity from serfdom. It was at this time that the above named Duke founded the famous old monastery of Ettal, near Oberammergau. From that time on, for a long period of years, the prosperity of the little town was assured. Not only did the Emperors, on their hunting expeditions pass through, but continuous caravans of both German and Italian merchants; introducing the villagers not only to the progression and culture of the outside world, but also giving them the impetus and encouragement for the carrying on of their wood-carving (combined with the possibility of selling it, and having it carried to other towns and countries). It was probably about this time that the Passion Play

was first given, for in the 13th and 14th centuries the various monasteries, especially in southern Germany and the Tyrol, were in the habit of giving both Miracle and Religious plays. It was in England originally, as far as can be gathered, that the first mystery plays were given and from thence they swiftly spread all over Christianised Europe. In Augsburg "moralities" were constantly performed from the year 1200 down to the time of Holbein.

Commercially and artistically Oberammergau continued to have a glorious prosperity until the breaking out of the terrible wars in the sixteenth century. Violent, wild and reckless armies of soldiers, passed ceaselessly through the heretofore peaceful hamlet, leaving behind poverty, famine and worst of all, the hopeless ravages of the plague. It was then the vow was made, that if only the plague might be taken from amongst them, they would, in thankfulness, give the Passion Play every ten years. Oberammergau never again attained the commercial importance which had been hers, but she nevertheless enjoyed a long period of happiness and peace until war again broke out at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when hordes of Austrians and Hungarians besieged the valley, devastating all with their fierce breath of destructiveness. Then came the Austrian wars of Succession, and later the disastrous period of the French invasions. Famine again and innumerable losses were endured by the plucky little town, but at last peace has

settled once more within her borders by the soldiering together of the German Empire in Peace and Unity.

Wood-carving, apart from the enormous influx of thousands of strangers from all over the world to witness the Passion Play every ten years and the "David Play" every five (formerly the latter was given only every thirty years), is still the chief work of the peasant-artists. Their talent in this direction is full of a rare and most delicate perfection. Oberammergau, as early as the year 1111 introduced the art of wood-carving into Berchtesgaden, which points to the fact that she was the founder, or at least the original home of this art in Bavaria. Her sales-men used to travel out into the distant towns with their packs on their backs, achieving for their treasures a wide and enviable fame, and they now possess branches for the disposal of their beautiful art works at Liverpool, Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Groningen, Drontheim, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Lima and Cadiz.

AUGSBURG.

The very name brings up vivid dreams of ancient splendor, and the picture of that vast, endless sea of evolution, on artistic and progressive lines, which is comparable only to that of Italy's.

Würzburg, Regensburg, Bamberg, Landshut, Ingolstadt, Bayreuth, Oberammergau; is it possible

that all are contained in that one enchanting word, Bavaria? And the sapphire lakes, enclosed by, or revealing, over wooded hills, the glistening snow peaks and chaste, wide glaciers, and those vast, deep forests written of by both Tacitus and Caesar, so impressive in their grandeur, only the soul of the observer and not the pen of the writer, can do justice to their mystic loveliness.

From Munich it is an easy run to Augsburg, which is virtually the capital of the circle of Swabia and Neuburg and the principle seat of South German commerce. The latter word brings a mundane clang with it, but one need have no fear that one is about to see something similar to the unattractive toils of an English or American commercial town; for Augsburg, sheds with the richest of Bavarian towns, an atmosphere of mediaeval charm, if not of such complete artistic beauty.

Its name is derived from the Roman Emperor Augustus, who on the conquest of Rhaetia by Drusus, established a Roman colony here and called it Augusta Vindelicorum. This was about the year 14. B. C.

About the fifth century we read that the town was sacked by the Huns and later, came, with the rest of Bojuvarii, under the rule of the Frankish kings. In the war of Charlemagne against Duke Thassilo it was almost entirely destroyed. Later, after the division and dissolution of the Empire, it fell into the hands of

the Dukes of Swabia. It gradually rose as a prosperous manufacturing town, becoming so noted for its wealth and beauty that it was one of the chief points desired by the constantly attacking and avaricious Hungarians. (936—954.)

In 1276 it was raised to the rank of a Free Imperial city, which position it retained, despite many internal changes in its constitution, until 1806, when it was annexed to Bavaria by Napoleon. Augsburg reached its greatest height, both for prosperity and beauty, during the 15th and 16th centuries. Its merchants were literally citizen-princes, enjoying the most enormous individual wealth and power.

Three daughters of Augsburg merchants married princes. The unfortunate Agnes Bernauer, (who was secretly married to Albrecht III.) and who was drowned in the Danube near Straubing by his father, Duke Ernest of Bavaria in 1435, the latter being so enraged at his son's supposed mesalliance. Then there was Clara von Detten who was married to Elector Frederick the Victorious of the Palatinate, and Philippina Welser to Arch-Duke Ferdinand of Austria.

The famous Fugger family, the richest people of their century, were originally but poor weavers. Their house on the Maximilianstrasse, with its beautifully painted and frescoed front, is, to this day one of the most interesting houses to be seen in Augsburg. Curiously interesting too is the Fuggerei, a small quarter of Augsburg, founded by Jacob Fugger "the Rich" in 1514.

It consists of 106 charming little houses, like some ideal Morrisonian village, for the benefit of very poor Roman Catholic families. The miniature town with its spotless asphalt streets, two storied cottages, gaily colored little doors and flower-potted window-sills, and pumps of clear running water, is enclosed within its own gates.

The Maximilianstrasse is exceptionally handsome, broad and long. In the centre of the street, at harmonious distances, are three magnificent bronze fountains; one of Augustus, the founder of the city, and the other two of Hercules and Mercury. Another very beautiful statue is the "War Monument" in the Frohnhof, near the Cathedral. The latter is a remarkably beautiful Gothic edifice begun in 995 but altered considerably in 1321—1431. The most mediaeval looking street is the Jacobstrasse, which leads down from the Barfusserkirche to the Fuggerei. Near the latter stands the house where the elder Holbein lived and the younger Holbein was born. The Rathaus is one of the most remarkable of Renaissance buildings in Bavaria. The "Goldener Saal", said to be the finest of the numerous halls in Germany, is brilliantly decorated in the Italian rococo style, the exquisitely carved ceiling being hung from above by twenty-four chains. All the rooms in this especial Rathaus impress one by their extravagant wealth of decoration, splendid ancient stoves and treasures of every sort.

St. Annakirche, the Fuggerhaus and St. Ulrics are all full of both beauty and historical interest. The Royal Picture Gallery which is situated in the old monastery of St. Catherines, contains some very fine works, but is chiefly notable for it's collection of the works of two Augsburg artists, Holbein and Burkmair. During the 16th century Augsburg was the seat of many Diets held by Charles V. In 1530 the Protestant princes handed him, in the above mentioned Rathaus, the famous "Confession" (drawn up by Melanchthon of Nuremberg). The article consisted of a reformed creed containing twenty-one articles in the name of the Evangelical states of Germany, which lucidly explained the doctrinal position of the Lutheran church; a religious peace, of the greatest import to the religious welfare of Germany, was also concluded here in 1530. In 1632 the city was beseiged and captured by Gustavus Adolphus on his slaughtering journey through Bavaria, but after he was vanquished it returned again to its old inheritance. But the enormous trade and prosperity of Augsburg was for the time being completely ruined by the civil and religious strifes and the long, bloody wars which so racked Germany in the 15th and 16th centuries. In 1703 it was bombarded by the Electoral princes of Bavaria and forced to pay a heavy contribution, later as we have seen, becoming absolutely Bavarian.

In 1518 the first fire-engine ever used was invented in Augsburg. Between the years 1500 and 1800 the gold and silversmiths guilds were every-

where noted, even more so than those of Munich, or Nuremberg. For the seeker after these rare old pieces, or for antique brass, copper or pewter, Augsburg is a veritable treasure house.

A beautiful portion of the old wall is still standing and some fine old gates. Along the canal, the houses are intensely picturesque, and down the winding, narrow and sloping roads from St. Annaskirche one comes across entrancing bits of mediaevalism. In 1703 the ancient fortifications were dismantled and laid out in public promenades.

Many, many years ago the famous Montaigne wrote, declaring, that to him the wonderful old city of Augsburg was more beautiful even than Paris.

REGENSBURG.

The interesting city of Regensburg, which was ceded to Bavaria only in 1810, derives its name from the river Regen on which it stands. The Celts, in the days when it was one of their settlements, used to call it Ratisbon, the Romans later naming it *Castra Regina*. It is in reality on the Danube, but the Regen flows into that mighty river just opposite to where the city was founded. It used to be the capital of the Romans in those parts, holding as it did such an advantageous position on the Danube. The narrow stone bridge, which connects the town with its suburb, was thrown over in 1136. Later, after

the Roman power had waned, it became the seat of the Bavarian Dukes and the chief point of the East Frankish monarchy. It was one of the most important centres for the promulgation of Christianity, for in the 7th century St. Emmerau founded the Abbey here and in the 8th St. Boniface the Bishopric. In the 13th century it became a Free Imperial city, one of the most flourishing of all German towns and a favorite resort, like Nuremberg, of the Emperors. Of enormous import was the short, but vital hold, the spirit of the Reformation held here, and later of the counter-reformation inspired by the Jesuits.

From Regensburg, cargo boats used to go down the Danube to the Black sea, with merchandise from the Western and Southern countries, bringing back in turn, treasures from the East as far off as China. Even in the remote days of the Crusades the Regensburg boatmen were famous, conveying down the broad waters of the river holy pilgrims and warriors on their way to the Holy Land. No less than seventeen sieges are recorded as having been endured by this city during the Thirty Years War, that fearful time from which we can nowhere escape in the history of Bavaria, almost completely ruining both the prosperity and beauty of the town.

* The powerful but barbarous General Tilly met his death here, and the enormous cup which he is supposed to have emptied at one draught for a warlike wager, is still in existence, every year a celebration being held in memory of the event.

* See Page 215.

From 1663 to 1806 it was the seat of the Imperial Diets, sixty-two of which were held within its walls. 1806 saw the assignment of the town and bishopric to the Prince Primate Dalberg, by the Peace of Luneville. In 1809 it was stormed by Napoleon, the Austrians experiencing a fearful defeat beneath its walls, when the city itself was almost reduced to ashes. Nevertheless many of the old buildings remained mercifully untouched, some of which are much older even than those in Nuremberg. A curious and essentially characteristic feature of Regensburg are the towers attached to the houses, all loopholed, witnesses to a day when battle, danger and internal strife were of daily occurrence.

The Golden Tower, attached to the Inn of the Golden Cross and the one adorned with paintings of David and Goliath, being the most notable. The Street of the Ambassadors (where all the Ambassadors of the German Diet used to reside), bears still over the doors many of their Coats of Arms. Of the purest Gothic style is the beautiful old Cathedral founded in 1273. It was not completed till 1634 and the towers are of a still later period; one of the little interior chapels dates back to the 8th century.

An ancient Benedictine monastery of Irish monks, named "Scoti" used to stand on the spot where now rises the Schottenkirche, a Roman basilica of the 12th century. The Golden Cross Inn is famous for being the meeting place of Barbara Blumenberger and Charles V. She was

the mother of Don John of Austria. Regensburg is full of magnificent pieces of architecture of every period.

Not far from Regensburg, above Keilheim, on the heights of the Michaelsberg, the Befreiungshalle or Hall of Liberation was erected in 1842 by Ludwig I. It resembles a Roman Temple and contains, ranged within a circular-domed hall, statues in Carrara marble by Schwanthaler, and bronze shields made out of French cannon, on which are engraved the different victories gained by the Germans and the names of their leaders. The walls are lined with marble, the roof being supported by granite pillars.

In his interesting little book of his trip down the Danube the noted American historian Mr. Bigelow writes, "the slabs bear the names of such as the King of Bavaria recognised as the liberators of the Fatherland. But we are struck by the names of many Austrian and South German mediocrities, and the absence of those who really did make their country free. Wellington is conspicuous by his absence, so the noble Boyen and Lützow. The man whose far-sighted legislation lifted Prussia from out the result of Jena, is not to be found here we mean Stern, nor his able successor Hardenberg. The poets, thinkers, the patriotic spirits that stirred the people to heroic actions, these were the ones who fought Katzbach and Leipzig, but they are not noticed on these slabs. Schiller and Körner, whose songs of liberty fired every German heart and

who sent every schoolboy into the army. Arndt and Jahn, Uhland and Fichte names that in 1813 did more for the German success than a fresh army corps of these this Bavarian Mausoleum says nothing."

An easy trip from Regensburg is to that magnificent and masterly construction of Klenze's, the Graeco-Doric Temple of Walhalla, a national monument built by Ludwig I. also as a temple of fame to Germany's greatest men. The temple, architecturally is the exact copy of the Parthenon. Walhalla means "Walhall or Hall of the Chosen". The glorious view from the platform extends over the level plain of Bavaria to the glistening snow peaks of the Alps in the south and to Straubing and up the majestic Danube to Regensburg in the East. Within are innumerable busts and statues of Germany's most famous men, heroes, musicians, statesmen, artists, poets, sages &c.

ROTHENBURG.

This gem like appendage, as it were, of Nuremberg, is one gleaming mass of rich artistic treasures and innumerable historical detail. It is perhaps the least altered and the purest existing example of all mediaeval towns, and being more miniature and concentrated than Nuremberg is the easier to fully absorb. It rises before one's vision beautifully encircled by walls, moats and towers, rich in harmonious coloring and warmth of tone. The well preserved gabled houses are red-

tilled and glow in the sun. As far back as 942 Rothenburgs name appears in the ancient documents, and for five-hundred and twenty-nine years it was a free city of the Empire like most of the Bavarian, Franconian and Swabian cities. During the 14th and 15th centuries it radiated the highest artistic standards in every branch of art and architecture and it's industries were similarly progressive. During the Reformation it's sympathies were entirely with Luther. In 1525 it experienced the disturbances of the uprisings of the peasants, taking part with them, and also suffered the inevitable relapse and degeneration consequent on the Thirty Years War. During this period it was several times beseiged and taken by opposing parties.

To the sojourner within it's enthralling crown of walls, it offers such a bewildering wealth of architectural beauty, that one scarce can recall another city which can vie with it in this direction. It's absolutely mediaeval streets, narrow, and winding, are more exquisite in an harmonious suggestiveness than even those of Nuremberg. Gothic churches, Renaissance buildings (mostly of an ecclesiastical character), Rathaus, arches, gates, fountains, castle, all are in the most perfect state of preservation. The most fascinating piece of ancient beauty, where even on the rainiest days can be seen artists sketching and painting it's perfect outlines, is the old gate of the Altes Rathaus, with it's overhanging lantern; and the quaintest vista, that to be seen on look-

ing down toward the Plönlein. In the church of St. James are some very exquisite specimens of altar-carving by Tilman Riemenschneider, and in the church of the little village of Dettwang, is also another fine example of this same artist's work.

We cannot pretend to go satisfactorily into all the venerable towns which add to the interest and glory of Bavaria; each one possessing both a significant historical and artistic interest, which must be sought in a more complete and individual form.

WÜRZBURG and BAMBERG could alone fill a book with the vicissitudes of their development, height attained, and wealth of ecclesiastical buildings. The latter is built on a chain of hills, innumerable churches rising up to crown their summits in majestic outline; the former is situated in a vine-clad, verdant valley of the Main. From 741 down to 1803 Würzburg was governed by an unbroken chain of Bishops. The first was Burkardus who was consecrated by St. Boniface. As history has already told us these Bishops attained enormous power, and in 1120 the Emperor Frederick created them Dukes of Franconia. The sceptre of these same princes often including the See of Bamberg. In 1803 it was incorporated with Bavaria.

Then there are the towns of INGOLSTADT (now a mighty fortress, famous as having been the first home of the University founded by Ludwig the Rich in 1472 and besieged by Gustavus

Adolphus in 1632 when Tilly lay mortally wounded within the city, and also of having the first established Jesuits college in Germany).

WUNSIEDEL (the birthplace of Jean Paul Richter, and where, on certain dates, every few years, is given an intensely interesting festival drama, in the beautiful forest of the Luisenberg, in honor of the visit paid to the lovely little town by the much beloved Queen Luise).

FÜRTH, meaning a fort (the rival manufacturing town of Nuremberg, and the haven which sheltered the Jews when they were driven out of Nuremberg). The great progression of the town is due to their wonderful industry and talents.

They possess a Hebrew printing establishment, a college, separate court of justice, many schools and a Synagogue. At the time of the epoch making battle between Gustavus and Wallenstein, the latter made this town his head quarters, putting up at the Grüner Baum in the street which takes it's name from this noted Swedish Emperor. CARLSTADT (founded by Charlemagne, and the birthplace of the reformer Rodenstein, the instigator of puritanical iconoclasm. 1543). HANAU (the home of the Flemish and Walloon peasants banished from the Netherlands 1597, the birthplace of the world-known and loved brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm 1785—1863 and 1786—1859. Near here Napoleon with 80,000 men defeated the Bavarians and Austrians under Marshall Wrede with 40,000 men in 1813).

ASCHAFFENBURG (belonging from 982 to the bishops of Mayence, and ceded to Bavaria in 1814. In the old castle, erected in 1605, is a most remarkable collection of missals, engravings, prayerbooks, miniatures &c., and also an extremely valuable collection of paintings, including good examples of Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Angelica Kaufmann, Giordano, Cuyp and Cranach. Beyond the castle gardens stands the Pompeianum erected by the indefatigable Ludwig I. in 1824 in imitation of the Castor and Pollux at Pompeii, decorated with mosaic and mural paintings).

AICHACH (the cradle of the Wittelsbach House), KISSINGEN, which is the most frequented water-cure place in Bavaria, was in 1866 the scene of a fierce combat between the Prussians and the Bavarians, the latter under Prince Karl being defeated. In 1874 Göben also attempted to assassinate Bismarck here.) Freising, Donauwörth, Lauingen (the birthplace of the most famous man of his century, Albertus Magnus). Voburg, Füssen &c., all towns of quaint custom, interest and value to the kingdom to which so many of them only latterly have definitely belonged. Then the many lovely country districts, such as Berchtesgaden which Ibsen so loved. Garmisch, Partenkirchen &c.

Bavaria is very rich in beautiful lakes, the most important being Starnberg lake, lake Constance, forty miles in length, and curious, apart from its immense beauty, in that its banks be-

long to five different states, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, Switzerland and Austria. Lindau, the little island on the waters of the lake, belongs to Bavaria. Tegernsee, Herrenchiemsee, which has three islands (the Herren-Insel on which formerly stood a monastery, and on whose site Ludwig II. erected his castle, the Kraut-Insel which used to be a vegetable garden for the monks and nuns, and the Frauen-Insel on which still stands a convent).

The most beautiful lake in Germany is the Bavarian Königsee, a small emerald lake through whose delicate green waters shine the rarest tints of sapphire-blue. The brittle-looking, mighty mountains pierce upwards from the very waters edge to a distance of 6500 feet, in a perpendicular glory, leaping heavenwards like ardent, aspiring prayers. In this soul exalting spot we will take leave of this marvelous and beautiful little country, for which one lifetime is all to short wherein to comprehend fully it's charms, influence, inestimable treasures, and the picture of a wonderful mental, spiritual and artistic progression.

To know her, nevertheless how imperfectly, is to love her. Through all her evolutions, wars, battles of belief and unbelief, times so terrible that we swiftly endeavour to wrap a heavy veil of unprejudiced leniency over the eyes, we have seen that at bottom a great Justice ruled her, a beautiful Destiny awaited her. And if we have seen that the path of her noblest and most artistic

souls has been one of martyrdom, they individually seldom seeing the fruit or result of their profound endeavours, let us remember that "to take from art it's martyrdom is to take from it it's glory. It might still reflect the passing modes of mankind, but it would cease to reflect the face of God". . . .

NOTE.

* After the book had gone to press, the incident about Tilly at Regensburg was discovered to be incorrect. The wager took place at Rothenburg and was between Tilly and the famous old burgomaster Nusch. It was the latter who saved the town and the lives of the council from the wrath of the harsh Tilly by drinking at one draught, so the legend runs, a flagon of thirty Bavarian quarts.

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